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### THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET.

**I**F the Conservative party does not show itself in sound and consolidated form at the next session, it will not be from the members of it not having dined often enough together. In the prandial exercises of British politics the Conservatives have beaten the Liberals hollow. This, of course, was to be expected. Success is invariably festive, and in our England we cannot understand how an achievement can be completed without a great deal of eating and drinking. But we are in some degree surprised at the speeches which illustrate and glorify the meetings of the Tories. Whether those meetings are attended by that curious product of Disraeli-ism—the Conservative artisan, or by county members and their wealthiest supporters, we invariably find the same confusion of ideas, uncertainty of action, and positive bewilderment as to their position expressed by the speakers. This was especially noticeable at the Bristol assembly on Wednesday. We need not dwell on the oration of Sir J. Pakington, who has reached a high pitch of perfection in the art of talking meaningless sentences. We might refer to his joke about the Emperor of Abyssinia possessing only one gun, which he could not move; but it is scarce fair to criticise a man who responds to such a toast as the Army, Navy, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. But Lord Stanley's speech is of some importance at this moment. It was evidently a prepared statement of the many things that his party are prepared not to do when the House meets. That policy of inaction which is so characteristic of pure Conservatism will always be adopted by the party unless the strongest immediate and external pressure is brought to bear against it. This was the story of the Reform Bill. We are now asked to admire the gracious manner with which Lord Derby and his followers yielded to the manifest wish of the nation. We are asked to note the wisdom with which they threw over and abandoned the most cherished principles in order to surrender with charming trust and candour to an exigency which they had not hitherto contemplated. This is the diplomatic way of getting out of an awkward and an anomalous situation. After rejecting the whole scheme of their lives in order to keep themselves in office, the Conservatives wish us to recognise them as Liberal in the purest sense of the term, and as anxious to promote the welfare of our common country with a noble indifference to class prejudices or faiths. Now, we have only to refer to the political programme of this party to learn how honestly or sincerely it is a party of progress. Supposing for a moment we look away from those historic facts which render Toryism distinctly the representative element of stagnation; supposing we close our eyes to the sheep-like movements and stupid docility of the members who believe Mr. Disraeli to be the prophet of good tidings, we shall see on their own showing that the present Government are determined to move neither to the right or to the left on any question of importance. Take the Irish question; Lord Stanley almost pledges himself in terms that nothing shall be done. He has made a grievous error in declaring that he sympathizes with a minority of landlords, who are incapable of a single effort to ameliorate the condition of their tenantry. He made a misstatement which was something worse than an error in saying that "the material condition of Ireland is not bad." It would be impossible for it to be worse.

The business of the country is in a wretched plight. The shopkeepers are becoming bankrupts every day. The farmers have not hands to till the fields. The professions are so miserably supported that hundreds of young Irishmen are coming to the English Bar, going to Australia, going anywhere rather than remain where they can never hope to make a competent fortune, or to find even support for themselves. "The peasantry," Lord Stanley tells us, "are better fed, better clothed, and better paid than they were twenty years ago." If this were true, it would not be much for us to boast of; but we believe Lord Stanley has been deceived on the point. The peasants of Ireland at this moment are as spiritless, as wretched, and as hopeless a set of creatures as could be found in any civilized portion of the globe. They are only kept from an insensate rebellion by the dim intelligence which enables them to understand the warnings of their priests. To talk of Ireland as comparatively happy or prosperous in this fashion is to aggravate the people almost beyond endurance. The *Times* has recently adopted a tone similar to that of Lord Stanley. It comes forward to relieve the Government from a responsibility which not a month ago the *Times* was most eager in urging that same Government to assume. We are told that remedies for Irish discontent would be premature, that the grievances are partly imaginary, and that because a section of the country demands total separation from England that demand ought to be a sufficient excuse for us for denying the whole country the slightest assistance or concern. When shall we recognise that we have a duty to perform towards Ireland if we have a right to administer laws to her? Lord Stanley and the *Times* express themselves as if we were not bound to stir to win back to allegiance a portion of the Queen's dominions in danger of being totally and desperately estranged from us by successive eras of cruelty and neglect. The party in Ireland to which Lord Stanley looks for support, and for which he is determined to ignore all measures of a remedial character, is the bitterest foe to our rule and legislation. It has brought scandal and mischief upon our name and upon our title to the land. The agitators, as they are called, who ask for the repeal of the Union are asking, as we know, an impossible thing. Whether rightly or wrongly (and we are not at all satisfied that the mode in which our possession was acquired would bear close investigation), we have made it an article of English belief that Ireland is an integral portion of the empire, and cannot be severed from us. Why the statement of this opinion should be received with such unbounded enthusiasm at the banquet we are at a loss to know, but we think in any case that we ought to feel somewhat abashed at the complete and disastrous failure of our attempts to gain over the Irish people to a national sympathy with us. The Established Church, which the Conservatives are pledged to leave intact, is in itself a perpetual irritant, quite sufficient to keep the bulk of the population in a chronic fever of discontent. Then the holding out of hopes which are never realized, the announcements in Queen's Speeches and other manifestoes that something is going to be done which never is done, the dishonest system of dropping Irish difficulties out of sight the moment they cease to be actively demonstrative, must tend to form a public opinion across the Channel which could, without much difficulty, be advanced or degraded into Fenianism. Are they our supporters and allies who want to maintain the Established Church, who insist on

the imperial rights of landlords, who are grumbling because Orange processions have not received direct State patronage? And yet it is to their clamours and representations that the Government seems to have given way, if we are to judge from the hints thrown out by Lord Stanley. For our part this does not surprise us. We never expected that the Conservatives would inaugurate a policy across the Channel in direct contradiction to the local interests which they have established for themselves. Oddly enough, there were a few of the nationalist Irish party who thought otherwise. One hon. member of Parliament, elected on extreme principles, voted industriously for Lord Derby, went to his credulous constituents and positively got a number of them to believe that Lord Derby was the best friend that Ireland ever had, and that the Government was prepared to legislate in the broadest and most comprehensive manner on Irish difficulties. We trust that the Liberals in Ireland will be undeceived after reading the speeches delivered at this banquet. They will read with what an insolent carelessness the condition of their country was referred to, and they can surmise the treatment they are to expect. Let them contrast these speeches with the announcements of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, with the writings of Mr. Mill, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and other gentlemen who represent in England the only drift of thought that will ever tend to exert itself in setting right the perplexities of Ireland. When they make the comparison, and have chosen between the Liberals and the Conservatives, let them impress upon their representatives the necessity of adhering consistently to that party from which their country can alone ever hope to receive consideration or redress.

#### THE NATIONAL INCOME.

**A**NALOGIES drawn between a nation and an individual are often illusory, but there can be no doubt that it is the interest and even the duty of both to form as accurate an estimate as they can of their available income. Unless that is ascertained with some approach to accuracy, we can form no idea of the real amount of our resources; we cannot tell how much we can afford to spend, or how much we are likely to save. And in the case of a nation, it is not only desirable to know what is its total income, but how that is divided amongst the different classes of which it is composed. Without possessing such a knowledge, we can neither regulate the incidence of taxation consistently with justice, nor can we trace the tendency of the national wealth either to accumulate in a few hands, or to distribute itself amongst the great body of the people. As a guide to the actual results and the probable effects of our social system, nothing can be more instructive than a periodical survey of the wealth or earnings of the different sections of society; and, both for this and for the other reasons which we have mentioned, we are always inclined to welcome any attempt to give us a more definite grasp of this interesting and difficult subject. We had, a short time ago, an elaborate work upon the subject from Professor Leone Levi; and now Mr. Dudley Baxter has invited us, through the medium of a paper read before the Statistical Society, to reconsider and review the conclusions at which previous inquirers have arrived. The paper in question is undoubtedly one of great ability, and it has the further merit, not always found in statistical tracts, of presenting both the methods of calculation employed and the results arrived at with a clearness and simplicity that leave nothing to be desired. Some of the writer's estimates are no doubt open to question, but upon the whole he seems to us to have made a nearer approach than any of his predecessors to a correct solution of the problem he has taken in hand; and at all events his data are sufficiently reliable to furnish us with the materials of an approximate estimate both of the gross amount and of the distribution of our national wealth.

The first point to which Mr. Baxter directs his attention is the number of those who actually possess or earn the income of the nation. In England and Wales there were, in 1867, according to calculations into which our space will not allow us to enter, 2,053,000 persons of the upper and middle classes possessing or earning an independent income, and 2,847,000 persons dependent upon them; while of the manual labour class there were 7,785,000 with independent means, and 8,345,000 dependent. The total number of the upper and middle classes would thus, in England and Wales, be, in round numbers, 5,000,000, against 16,000,000 of what are usually called the working classes. In Scotland, the total number of the upper and middle classes for the same year is taken at 692,000 persons, against 2,460,000 of the manual labour class; in Ireland, we have 1,056,000 of the former class, against 4,501,000 of the latter.

It will thus be seen that the proportion between the upper and middle classes on the one hand, and the manual labour class on the other, does not materially differ in the three kingdoms, but that it may be stated for each, as well as for the whole empire, at 23 of the former to 77 of the latter. Coming now to the incomes of these classes, it will be both convenient and interesting to follow Mr. Baxter's calculations as they apply to each of the three kingdoms. The Income-tax returns are, of course, the basis of every estimate of the annual receipts of the upper and middle classes. Before, however, they can be accepted as a true and full statement of those receipts, they must be corrected or supplemented by allowances for inadequately returned incomes, for the deductions made on incomes of less than £200 a year, and for incomes not liable to taxation on account of their falling short of £100 a year. After making these allowances, it is calculated that in 1867 there were in England and Wales 7,084 persons possessing incomes of more than £5,000 a year, or an aggregate of £112,640,000; 40,480 with incomes of £1,000 to £5,000 a year, or an aggregate of £70,400,000; 144,716 with incomes between £300 and £1,000, or an aggregate of £73,920,000; 819,720 persons with incomes between £100 and £300, or an aggregate of £95,000,000; and 1,041,000 paying no tax, but possessing an aggregate income of £62,460,000. The total income of the middle classes is, therefore, £414,460,000; but it is, as Mr. Baxter points out, rather startling to observe how unequally this immense sum is divided. While those who possess fortunes of more than £5,000 a year are, in point of number, only 1-300th of the upper and middle classes, they have more than 1-4th of the whole income; and, on the other hand, while the possessors of £300 a year and less are 9-10ths in number, they have not much more than 1-3rd of the income! The income of the working or manual labour class is, of course, more difficult to arrive at, and, indeed, it can only be estimated in a general way from the average earnings of each occupation, after making suitable deductions for time lost while the workman is sick, out of health, incapacitated for labour, &c. Without entering into the steps by which Mr. Baxter has reached his results, we must content ourselves with saying that he will be found a more reliable guide than Professor Levi on this point, because he has not only taken a lower average rate of wages, but has made a much more ample, and we think a far more adequate, deduction on account of the causes we have mentioned. He calculates, then, that there are in England and Wales 1,122,970 persons employed in the higher skilled labour and manufactures, with an income of £56,148,500; 3,819,580 in lower skilled labour and manufactures, with an income of £127,921,280; and 2,842,810 in agricultural and unskilled labour, with an income of £70,659,360. In other words, the total income of the men, women, and children earning their bread by manual labour in England and Wales is, in round numbers, £255,000,000. The average income of persons in the higher and middle classes is, £68; and in the manual labour class, £32. For Scotland, the income of the higher and middle classes (we have given their number above) is £42,516,000; and of the manual labour class £31,746,000; giving an average income of £53 to each person in the former, and of £23. 10s. to each person in the latter class. In Ireland, the upper and middle classes have an aggregate income of £39,758,000; and the manual labour class of £38,169,000; giving an average income of £31 to each person in the former, and of £14 to each person in the latter class. Not only is Ireland the poorest of the three kingdoms, but it is that in which the aggregate income of the labouring class most closely approaches that of the upper and middle classes; and it is also that in which the largest proportion of the aggregate of all classes is composed of the incomes of its least wealthy or least skilled members. The final result of these figures is that the income of the upper and middle classes of the United Kingdom is £496,734,000, while that of the labour class is £324,645,000, or a grand total of £821,379,000.

Mr. Baxter states, and we believe correctly, that this amount exceeds all previous estimates of the gross income of the nation. It is undoubtedly calculated at first sight to inspire us with very complacent reflections on the wealth of a country whose annual revenue exceeds by forty-three millions the whole of her enormous national debt. Nor do we deny that the state of things which it discloses is eminently satisfactory as regards the quantity of our wealth. Still it is, even in this respect, subject to a material deduction, and one which it is moreover almost impossible to measure. Apart from the misgivings which undoubtedly suggest themselves as to the mode in which this wealth is divided—or to the way in which it is heaped up in some places and most sparsely scattered in others—there is a further consideration to be taken into account. The only part of the gross income

of the country which really constitutes a part of its wealth is that derived from the labour or capital of its productive classes. The non-productive classes are supported in return for services of more or less value by these productive classes; and the income of the former is, in fact, derived from, and is a part of, the income of the latter. It would, therefore, be as great a mistake to take the total income of all the classes in a nation as the real measure of its wealth, as it would be to add the wages which a gentleman pays his servants to his own receipts, in order to arrive at the aggregate income of a household. It is clear that in both cases we should be reckoning the same sum twice over. We must make some deduction, therefore, for the income of the non-productive classes—but what? Political economists have not yet settled even in theory what classes are entitled to rank as productive and what classes are to be accounted non-productive. In practice it is still more difficult to decide on the correct application of these terms. Mr. Baxter is fully sensible of this difficulty; and although we cannot say that he is quite successful in dealing with a matter where success was hardly possible, we are not inclined to take much exception to his calculations as a rough and approximate estimate. Confining the appellation of productive classes to those engaged in agriculture, mining, or manufactures, he takes their income at £471,900,000. In order to arrive at the net income of the nation, he adds to that a portion of the earnings of the classes engaged in the carriage and distribution of goods; rejecting altogether the income of the non-productive classes, consisting of soldiers, persons in the public service, domestic servants, &c. And he thus calculates that "the original earnings, out of which the nation produces food and clothing and pays all taxes and expenses, may be taken at from 550 to 600 millions." This gives a good margin for errors or difference of opinion; and, without entering upon the discussion of the thorny questions that would carry us too far, we are inclined to believe the truth lies within the limits which Mr. Baxter has fixed.

#### GOVERNMENT "IN THE ABSTRACT."

HAS any psychologist attempted to define the effect of too much Greek on the brain? That it produces a definite form of mania cannot be doubted. One of its mildest results is an incapacity to feel any sympathy with, or understand, the world in which we at present live. We have now in literature several men who are simply crushed by Greek forms and associations; who see everything around them through a haze of Greek influences; who write nothing but echoes of Greek thought; who are lost to all notion of the value of active contemporary life, and draw only upon books for their literary material. A man cannot live in two worlds at once. So soon as he ceases to subordinate his study of books to his general education—so soon as he lends the exclusive force of his sympathies to a particular bygone age, he goes over to that age and becomes useful to us only in so far as he can interpret it. But Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, is a very different sort of student. He insists upon living in both worlds at once. He will have our modern notions and material energies cut and squared to the fine old patterns. If we say that England is fulfilling her destiny in her own way, as Greece fulfilled hers, he waves a sword of terror over our heads. The most horrible things are to befall us if we neglect to profit by the results of Greek experience. He evidently thinks that all men are the same in all times, and that the scantily-dressed gentlemen who paced up and down the walks of the Academia were able to anticipate the political questions of the nineteenth century. He has just published a manifesto on the principles of government which is intended to warn the happy-go-lucky experimenters of the Treasury bench; and if the native audacity of Mr. Disraeli protects him from the logical fisticuffs of Plato and Aristotle, Professor Blackie evidently hopes that others of a more impressionable nature will pause and consider. For it is not to be thought of that people will be so blasphemous as to sneer in the face of these ancient authorities. Can a man disbelieve in Plato's Aphorisms, and live? Does there exist the barbarian who will say that the onward march of a nation—towards a good or bad end—is the result of certain forces over which no lessons of ancient experience can have the least control? It is really very funny, at this time of day, to hear Professor Blackie talking of the late Reform Bill as if it were a thing which Mr. Disraeli and his associates created by the exercise of their own will,—as if either they or their political opponents could have sat down at a table, evolved a new system of representation out of Aristotle, and, by the mere exercise of

writing, changed the whole future of England. "Great changes," observes the Professor, "suddenly introduced, have not generally been thought advisable by men versed in the conduct of affairs." But great changes have been suddenly introduced—the history of England has been a series of crises in political and social government; and these changes have been accepted again and again by men versed in the conduct of affairs, simply because they could not be rejected. A nation that chooses its path according to the theories of some other nation has already lost vitality, and is about to drop into the ditch of used-up races. A nation with vital force in it obeys, because it cannot help obeying, these hidden energies, and goes forward to accomplish its own destiny, Aristotle notwithstanding.

Of course, if Professor Blackie has published this little pamphlet, not to tell us what to do, but to tell us what will be the result of what we have done, we ought to hear him. If Aristotle says we are all going to the bad, let us hear Aristotle. It is of the utmost importance in a free government, the Professor remarks, "that as many persons as possible should have a belief, and that a reasonable one, founded neither on inapplicable past precedents, nor on feverish present impulses, but on the *permanent principles of the moral world*." The phrase we have put in italics is precisely one of those vague indefinitenesses which are extremely valuable in such discussions, as representing an unknown quantity which may be brought in at any moment to overawe one's antagonist. What is the moral world, and what are its principles? Professor Blackie does not tell us; but proceeds to the first principles of government, which are, of course, the enforcement of order, the permanence of order, and the culture of the individual. He then introduces an historical retrospect of governments in general; and goes on to talk of the democracy of the future. We may not be helmlessly driving towards democracy; for, as the Professor says, "no one can prophesy what may be the action of the old forces under such new conditions;" but at least he will warn us of our danger, in case we should. His first onslaught on abstract democracy is rather unfortunate. "The law of the grand order which prevails in the universe," he says, "is not equality, but GRADATION and SUBORDINATION; unity of plan in the whole, with the greatest possible variety in the parts; and this variety produced, and, more deeply looked at, producible only, by a graduated subjection of the lower to the higher, and a calculated superiority of the higher above the lower. Democracy, therefore, in asserting equality, asserts a principle which stands in direct rebellion against one of the fundamental principles on which the universe is constructed." Sheer nonsense, Professor—begging your pardon. The subordination of nature lies in the correlation of parts in the individual. There is no such thing as generic subordination. The common campion has petals, sepals, leaves, roots, and what not, all in subordination to the individual flower. So a man has lungs, heart, liver, arms, and legs in subordination. But where is the natural subordination of any one campion to another? Is not the whole genus *Lychnis* (since the Professor insists upon the parallel) a pure democracy, with absolute equality of chances in life? And even were it proved that the *Lychnis* family, in order to preserve its existence, agreed to contribute a portion of the sustenance of its weaker members in order to have a king and a representative government, what value would the fact have in determining the action of man? Because a dog eats until he can eat no more, must I? Because most animals go to sleep at dusk, must I? The truth is that these inferences from the "fundamental principles of the universe," whatever these may be, are mere logical playthings, with as little intellectual as physical value.

The Professor proceeds from the laws of the universe to democracy as a theory. "The advocates of democracy mean by political equality," he remarks, "that all men have an equal divine right to govern." They don't mean anything of the kind. Any man in the United States knows that he has the chance of governing if he can impress a vast number of his fellows with a sense of his capacity for governing; but the nonsense about equal divine rights is much more frequently found in the mouths of such ingenious writers as Professor Blackie than in the profession of the practical exponents of democracy in America. The Professor's theory is that "all men are born with an equal divine right to be governed by the strongest, the most intelligent, and the most virtuous men who may be found at any given time and place where social organisms exist." Precisely; and whether, ask the advocates of democracy—amongst whom we do not class ourselves—are you likely to find your wisest man in a hereditary monarchy, or in an elected governor? But the Professor flies again into the principles of the universe. "All government by mere majorities," he exclaims—apparently without reflecting that

wherever there are laws, the common sense of the majority must overrule the wishes of the minority—"must, in the nature of things, be unjust, and contrary to the divine law in the constitution of the universe." In the nature of things, whatever that is, we cannot follow Professor Blackie into this occult region of speculation. As he proceeds, he crushes us with original sin, the "innate nobility and God-given inspirations of the human heart," and so forth; and declares that democracy tears along like a pent-up deluge, and when once fairly in motion tolerates no dam. Well, we do not know whether democracy tolerates a dam or not; but we are quite sure that Professor Blackie was rather incautious in venturing to stop up the current with his broadsheet.

#### MESSRS. PETO, BETTS, AND CRAMPTON.

WHATEVER may be the defects of our present bankruptcy laws, they certainly offer practical advantages to one class of the commercial community. The small tradesman, the deceived shareholder, the merchant on a small scale, or the owner of railway shares who is ruined through the depreciation of his scrip, may object to a system which drags his name before the world, holds him up to the public as an outcast for the rest of his days, and brands him for ever with the name of insolvent. But it is far otherwise with the man who has failed for an immense amount of money. By some means or other he always saves out of the wreck several planks strong enough to bear him to land. The best of legal advice, the cleverest of accountants, the services of the most able men among the Basinghall-street lawyers, can always be had for money; and with their help may not the wind of ruin be so tempered to the blackest of lambs that it will not feel the cold blast? The art of getting smoothly through the Bankruptcy Court has become now a perfect science. To carry an individual through his troubles before that tribunal, many special requirements and much special knowledge is needful. But in order to smooth matters over for the best, and with a view of making things as pleasant as possible for the bankrupt, by far the most effective means of operation is delay. With time even the most angry of creditors become pacified, the newspapers get tired of repeating an off-told tale, and before the case is finally settled half the world has forgotten, and the other half has become careless, respecting what was once a seven days' wonder to the trading community. The bankruptcy of Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton, which went through a formal hearing on Friday week, may surely serve as an illustration of our meaning. Without prejudging for a moment the merits of the case, we would draw attention to the facts and figures which have been published respecting the enormous amount of this bankruptcy, and the question may be fairly asked why, after so many months' delay, the whole affair is not settled, and the public plainly shown how it is that insolvency on such an immense scale can be brought about.

From the accounts filed in Mr. Commissioner Holroyd's Court it appears that on the 31st of December, 1863, Sir Morton Peto and Mr. Betts possessed, jointly, a capital of more than one million sterling, and both had besides large cash balances at their bankers. On the 3rd of July last—six months ago—the firm was adjudged bankrupt on the petition of a creditor, but it was only on Thursday, the 16th of January, that the balance-sheet was filed. It is true that the documents which had to be prepared were very complicated, and that the statement of affairs between the firms of Peto & Betts and that of Peto, Betts, & Crampton—to say nothing of the enormous claim brought against the former firm by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway—were most intricate. But, surely, good accountants could have got through their work in a shorter time than six and a half calendar months, if disposed to do so, or rather, if urged on by those concerned in the case. We all know that the balance-sheet of the whole kingdom is laid before the public very few days after each quarter; and if that can be done, a month or six weeks ought to suffice for the accounts of a bankruptcy, no matter on how large a scale. In the case of Sir Morton Peto and his partners the assets had not to be realized. All that was required consisted in a fair statement of accounts, showing how the bankruptcy had been brought about, what were the liabilities, and what probable estimate creditors could form of a dividend. If this could not be done in from forty to sixty days, it never would be done at all; and, therefore, it may be fairly presumed that there was, if not a cause for the delay, at any rate, a strong wish that such a delay should take place. And now an adjournment of two months has been ordered, although for what purpose the Bankruptcy Court alone can tell. Not that any objection on

the score of inconsistency can be taken to these proceedings, for if it requires six and a half months to make up the accounts of a railway contractor's firm, so as to exhibit the mere debtor and credit sides of the balance-sheet, it ought to take not less than two, or even three, months to look over the accounts. But when delay is an object, the means of accomplishing that end are not difficult; and certainly in the case of Peto, Betts, & Crampton there are features which astonish not a little those uninitiated in the proceedings of Basinghall-street.

We have said that on the 31st of December, 1863, the joint and entire property of Sir Morton Peto and Mr. Betts amounted to close upon a million sterling; whilst, as regards Mr. Crampton, it appears that the amount to his credit on the above date was £182,886, in addition to certain assets in stocks and shares, representing £147,656. With capital to this amount, and almost unlimited credit, it seems extraordinary that these firms should have "gone under," even during the financial troubles of the past two years. The storm that burst over business men in 1866, when Overend & Gurney's house brought ruin to so many, seems not to have touched—at any rate not to have permanently injured—the railway contractors of Great George-street, Westminster; for, subsequently to that date, they appear to have had no difficulty in raising money either for themselves or others. And yet, when the crash came in July last, the direct liabilities of Messrs. Peto & Betts amounted to £784,212, besides a liability of £20 per share upon 4,000 shares of the Imperial Mercantile Credit Association, and other indirect liabilities of £332,612, against assets—a large portion of which were in the shares of other companies—roughly estimated to represent £780,958. In the firm of Peto, Betts, & Crampton, there are put down direct liabilities of £628,047, and indirect liabilities to the amount of £1,400,000, obtained for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on the security of its now nearly worthless scrip. And, apart from all these items, there is the enormous claim set up by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, amounting to no less than £6,661,941, which seems to rest on an assumption started by the new board of that company, repudiating all the acts of Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton when acting as their agents. The balance-sheets of both the bankrupt firms are accompanied by statements showing that that immense amount is mainly made up for and charged for the company by debiting Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton at par for all the stock and bonds that passed through their hands, instead of doing so at the greatly depreciated value of those securities. These facts are, we should imagine, quite enough to put this claim out of court—at any rate in a very great measure. In the first place, every City man of business knows perfectly well that, almost since its first existence as a company, the London, Chatham, and Dover has employed and acknowledged as its agents in financial matters the firm of Peto, Betts, & Crampton; and it is surely rather late in the day for the new board of that concern to repudiate what their predecessors had done. Still less, if possible, is it likely that any court of equity would value at par, shares and scrip which in the market were at an enormous discount. Therefore, it is that the claim of £6,661,941 upon this estate must be looked upon more as a grim Basinghall-street joke than as an actual reality. The London, Chatham, and Dover had great need of a scapegoat, and finding one at hand in their former agents they profited by the opportunity.

There is another fact which, in common justice to the bankrupts, ought to be made known more publicly than it is. We refer to the balance-sheets of the individual estates of the partners, two of which show a large surplus of assets over debts, and one a very small deficiency. Thus, Sir Morton Peto's debts are set down at £74,690, his assets at £133,917; Mr. Betts's debts amount to £19,289, his assets to £53,007; Mr. Crampton's debts are £280,711, and his assets to £280,500. Individually, therefore, these gentlemen do not certainly show the balances of bankruptcy, whatever they may do in their business accounts. It should be also noted that, amongst other assets, Sir Morton Peto has given up close upon the value of £100,000 in copyhold and freehold property, every acre of which he might, had he been so inclined, have endeavoured in the usual way to settle on his family.

So far, then, as the three partners in these two firms are concerned, there seems to be no cause for blame, save that they have followed a somewhat too reckless system of financial dealings. In fact, the accounts now published make it appear this bankruptcy has been brought about owing to Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton being too much mixed up in the concerns of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. When in due time a fuller investigation of these complicated affairs is made, it will, we believe, be made manifest that they did not

injure the railway, but that the railway ruined them. But, be this as it may, all commercial men have a right to protest against the great delay which has taken place in putting the affairs of the bankrupts before the world. In our bankruptcy laws there is an evil which it may be hoped the Bill promised next session will amend, namely, a difference in the treatment of poor and rich bankrupts. The theory of the Basinghall-street Court may be just enough, but practically it is the only tribunal left where the influence of wealth over poverty still makes itself felt. If Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton had been petty traders, and had failed for hundreds where they have done so for millions, they would ere this have had all the ins and outs of their affairs fully exposed. But this is a worry and a trouble which, by allowing of delays and puttings-off, our richer men are spared when they fail in business. In the matter of Sir Morton Peto and his partners, the public will certainly have ceased to take any interest in the affair long before it can by any possibility be brought to a conclusion.

#### A PERSECUTED LAUREATE.

MR. TENNYSON has grown weary of incense. He is sick of indiscriminate praise. A surfeit of vague adulation has produced a strong reaction; and he gives everybody notice that henceforward he will not take any more, and that there is no use in offering it. It seems that his innumerable admirers have always been in the habit of sending him MS. verses and letters in tolerable quantities; but that this token of popular regard has lately increased to a quite unbearable extent. He will no more answer these vague letters from strangers; he will no more read their thin versicles; he has closed the door of his heart against them, and not the most touching appeal nor the most astounding flattery will draw from him the boon of an autograph. He has requested the newspaper press to inform all whom it may concern of this his final decision; so that no one need any more liken him to Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, in a series of "In Memoriam" stanzas; and any effort to filch an autograph by imploring a subscription to a fictitious charity will meet with the contempt and silence which it deserves.

Now, what has caused this sudden increase in the number of Mr. Tennyson's correspondents? Surely we cannot err in attributing it to Mr. Tennyson's appearance as a magazine-poet. His recent contributions to periodical literature have been of a kind calculated directly to stimulate the flagging spirits of verse and letter-writers; and that for two reasons. In the first place, the young gentlemen who were accustomed to write verses, and modestly request the Laureate's opinion thereupon, accidentally found themselves confronted by a standard of verse-writing erected by the poet's own hand. Will any one, having read these recent poems of Mr. Tennyson, deem it inconceivable that the youthful bards may have fancied that there was not such a great difference, after all, between his labour and theirs; and that, as free trade is as sacred a principle in literature as in other branches of commercial manufacture, they were naturally desirous to appeal to Mr. Tennyson's conscience in order to reduce his monopoly? Indeed, might not one or two of the more sanguine have imagined that the Laureate, anxious to find a worthy successor for the post he so honourably occupies, and careful that no negligence of his should cause a literary brother to welter in the slough of non-recognition, would forward their productions to the proper quarter for publication and subsequent pay? How delicious to see oneself in *Once a Week*, along with the Laureate, and Mr. Charles Reade, and Mr. Boucicault, and Mr. Millais, and Mr. Du Maurier! How pleasant to be a fellow-worker, in *Good Words*, with Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll! How flattering to know that cheques upon the same bank, drawn by the same hand, and forwarded on the same day, may come alike to our ingenious verse-writer and to Mr. Arthur Helps, the gentleman who actually put a Queen's book into ship-shape! And all this pleasing possibility rests on the assumption—not so impudent a one as most people would imagine—that Mr. Tennyson's magazine-verses are not unapproachable, and that, if equally good verses are forwarded to him, the Laureate's sense of justice must force him to find them an honourable place. Alas! the door is shut. There were too many applicants, and they all knocked at once. The poet's sensitive nerves could not bear the noise. He issued his orders, and darkness fell upon the anticipations of this crowd of begging Homers.

There is another and less praiseworthy motive which may have prompted this overflow of correspondence. Most people are now aware that some time ago Mr. Tennyson received a

spiteful letter, written by some one who fancied that he was as great a poet as the Laureate, and unjustly deprived by him of the honour which was the complainant's due. In a mood of peevish self-consciousness, Mr. Tennyson wrote some verses about this incident; and, instead of allowing this result of temporary mental indigestion to pass into oblivion, he mistook it for a work of art, and published it in *Once a Week*. Probably it served one good purpose, in giving a very pleasant magazine a very good New Year's-day start; but it also revealed one of the weak points of the poet. Considering what shady actions men have consented to perform for the sake of fame, is it to be wondered at that certain people may have seen in these verses one avenue to a cheap notoriety? Might not the poet answer more distinctly a more definitely spiteful letter, and be compelled to publish the name of his enemy? There are many people who would rather live for ever in the "Dunciad," than be for ever nothing out of it. We can imagine the aspirant for fame sitting in the corner of some Clerkenwell coffee-house, biting his nails and puzzling his brains over a dirty sheet of note-paper, in order to sharpen the needle with which to prick the Tennysonian lion. Shall he accuse him of philosophic shallowness, of being a Court flatterer, of having borrowed from Shakespeare, or of being a mere versicle-writer for ladies? The favour of a reply—let that be what it may—is all that he wants. Do we not remember one such feeble opponent who earned for himself the glory of a stroke from the lion's paw, who was proud to wear the title of "bandbox," which the indignant Laureate conferred upon him? To be a bandbox in Mr. Tennyson's estimation, is perhaps better than to be wholly unknown to him; and as it is impossible for all persons to claim his acquaintance by loitering about his garden-gate, or flattening their nose against a pane of his dining-room window, the penny postman is called into requisition. Mr. Tennyson now gives notice that even this resource will be found to be of no avail. If he cannot help receiving letters, at least he won't read them. It is most probable that he will engage the services of some starving literary man, who, in exchange for being kept alive, will open all letters, read the verses, pocket the insults, and pass on the cheques. In a few years this scapegoat will be a valuable addition to any scientific museum. If his idiocy does not become rabid and dangerous, he will be a useful subject for experiment and philosophic illustration. A lecture on the results of reading modern verses would be happily accompanied by the exhibition of this natural phenomenon. In the mean time, we can only account for the complexion of Mr. Tennyson's recent poetical efforts by remembering that he has himself been submitted, in a milder way, to this ordeal.

#### THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE COUNTY COURTS.

THE recent County Courts Act contains some sections of great public benefit, such as that which tends to exclude from the superior courts those speculative actions for slander, false imprisonment, and the like, which have long been a nuisance to the community at large, and the stock-in-trade of those members of the legal profession who perambulate the corridors of police-courts, and meet their clients in the back-parlours of public-houses; but it is open to grave doubt whether as a whole the measure is calculated to produce those results which the public had looked for, and its promoters intended. The professional criticism to which the Act has, since its passing, been subjected, gives every reason for the fear that it will go a very small way towards cheapening law, and that the establishment of tribunals in which justice can be administered inexpensively, and yet with efficiency, is a thing still to be effected.

From the establishment, in 1846, of the present county court system, the courts have, so far as they competed with the superior courts, except in litigation respecting very small amounts, been placed under disadvantages which, during the twenty-two years that one legislator after another has been tinkering at the subject, no really serious effort has been made to remove. The promoters of the present county courts, imbued no doubt with the general feeling of disgust which the technicalities of the superior courts had created in the public mind, overlooked the really valuable system which underlay all the hideous nonsense of special demurrers and rules of pleading, and instead of establishing tribunals like the London Mayor's Court, the Liverpool Court of Passage, and the borough courts of Manchester, Salford, and Hull, framed upon the model of the courts at Westminster, they aimed at something entirely new, and, as far as a system theoretically complete went, nothing could look better upon paper than the county court

scheme. A very necessary result followed. Whilst the borough courts we have mentioned were largely used in the determination of disputes involving even difficult questions of law, and gave considerable satisfaction, the county courts were shunned by everybody who could avoid them. Small tradesmen found the new courts useful in recovering trifling amounts, and tallymen availed themselves of the contempt process for committing to prison some unfortunate labourer who objected to pay for the ribbons and finery which his wife had been seduced into purchasing; but whenever a choice existed between the county courts and the superior courts, the interests of clients as well as of attorneys declared for the latter. The reason for this choice, where the action was one likely to be contested is perfectly obvious. On the one hand, stood the county court, presided over, perhaps, by a judge whose professional career may have been passed in the Court of Chancery, or who had no professional career whatever, and who was now called upon to decide disputes involving common law principles about which he knew, perhaps, as much as the parties who came before him for his judgment. In the exercise of his judicial functions, this judge was seldom or never assisted by qualified counsel. He was under none of those restraints which the presence of the press, a critical bar, or an intellectual public produces, and an appeal from his decision being by way of case stated by himself, he was practically irresponsible. On the other hand, the judges of the superior courts were persons of acknowledged eminence, experienced in the particular branch of the law which they administered, and assisted by the highest professional talent. In addition to this, and although they did little more than direct a jury to decisions as to questions of fact, they performed all their duties under the restraint produced by the presence of an experienced bar, and of the press. In those cases, where the aid of the law was required, not for the decision of disputes, but for the less important object of enforcing payment of admitted demands, the shortcomings of the county courts became yet more startling. A plaintiff suing in the superior court, could in eight days obtain a judgment, the costs of which, as the amount was above or under £20, were £3. 8s. or £2. 14s., and in another eight days he could enforce the payment by writ of execution. Now this form of judgment for default of appearance, as it is called, was entirely wanting in the first County Courts Act. An attempt to remedy the defect was made by an amending Act in 1856; but that Act, for reasons too deep for ordinary comprehension, confined the provisions to cases above £20, and the Act of 1867, although it extends the provision to cases under £20, with an equally inscrutable wisdom, restricts the privilege to claims for goods supplied for trade purposes, and excludes the ordinary cases of goods sold for consumption or private use.

In their practical working there is also a marked difference between the two courts. In the superior court the attorney for the plaintiff has the control of all the proceedings; chooses and directs the sheriff's officer by whom the writ of execution is to be put in force, receives the money, and hands it over to his client. In the county courts everything is done officially, and necessarily with less regard to the interests of the parties than to official convenience, which may occasion the plaintiff the loss of his money, and, at all events, requires him to make a journey to the county court to receive it. In the matter of cheapness also, the county courts have by no means fulfilled the expectations that had been formed of them. The disallowance of charges for professional assistance in actions for under £20 may, in some instances, operate well, but it has offered a strong inducement to attorneys to drive all the business they possibly can into the superior courts. Had they been allowed a remuneration upon even a small scale, it is probable they would have aided the efforts of the Legislature, but deprived of anything, they go to the superior courts, where they have at least the chance of getting costs, instead of to the county courts, where they are sure not to get them. A mistake in the opposite direction is made in cases of above £20; for there the scale of county-court costs is very little different from that in the superior courts, whilst the court fees are infinitely greater. Even the Court of Chancery itself, according to the account given by a correspondent of one of the newspapers, stands fairly enough in the way of expense by the side of a county court exercising equitable jurisdiction. The costs of a suit in the county court in respect of a debt of about £80, are said to have amounted to upwards of £80, or more than the debt, and of this sum £44 alone was expended in court fees. In the presence of these disadvantages and the many inconveniences which beset suitors in the county courts, and by reason of the greater remuneration which the superior courts offered to attorneys, it became indispensable that persons having claims of small amount should be compelled to avail themselves of the cheaper

if inferior tribunals which had been provided for them, and although the Act of 1867 has several sections with this object, they are so clumsily drawn as to be incapable of conferring much benefit upon the public. One section which deprives of the costs a plaintiff suing in the superior courts and recovering less than £20, unless a judge shall order them to be paid, leaves the law as it was, only substituting for positive enactment the discretion of judges whose conflicting decisions, given in the privacy of their chambers at Serjeant's-inn, may leave litigants with a great deal of uncertainty and no law. Another section, which is intended to remove a claim of £50 or less into the county court, is so worded as to leave it wholly in the will of the plaintiff's attorney whether the section shall have any operation or not. The equity jurisdiction is in the same way left entirely at the mercy of attorneys, neither the Act conferring that jurisdiction nor the present Act containing any provision to deprive of costs parties invoking the expensive aid of the Court of Chancery in respect of amounts fit to be decided only in the county courts.

The more the subject is considered, the stronger becomes the conviction that the county court system must undergo a very considerable improvement before it gives satisfaction to the public. There is no reason why justice should not be administered there with as much ease and as efficiently as in the superior courts, but to effect that, the restraints and impediments which create so much annoyance at present must be removed; days should be set apart for the decision of cases over a certain amount or in which counsel are employed; means should be taken to invite the attendance of the bar when feasible; the assistance of juries should be more frequently called in, and the selection of judges should be conducted with a greater degree of care than has hitherto been observed. The first step to improvement, however, should be a careful examination of the whole subject by the Legislature, and the embodiment in one statute of the almost innumerable Acts at present relating to it. The public are heartily tired of the ruinous expense and wearisome delay which has so long attended the administration of justice. The defects which we have pointed out in the county court system, and which so seriously impair the usefulness of these courts, are like all defects in matter of detail, capable of easy remedy; and there is no reason why that remedy should be delayed and why the county courts should not be rendered adequate to the transaction of by far the greater portion of the judicial business of the country. That they will become so in time we have little doubt.

#### NATURAL HISTORY IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

"HAVE you seen the Sailing Cherry-tree?" asked the last Earl of Menteith at Talla Castle of the town-clerk of Stirling. "No, what sort of thing is it?" replied the town-clerk. "It is," answered the earl, "a tree that has grown out at a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round Loch Monteith. It is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavour." This conversation, which took place as a mere joke, in the seventeenth century, might have occurred, in real earnest in the twelfth. The further we go back the more wonderful are the anecdotes in natural history. The very converse, however, of this story appears to have been believed long after the twelfth century. Olaus Magnus, the Archbishop of Upsala, quotes it in his history. Thus it runs in the English translation of 1658: "Moreover, another Scotch historian, who diligently sets down the secret of things, saith that in the Orcades ducks breed of a certain fruit falling into the sea; and these shortly get wings, and fly to the tame or wild ducks." (Book XIX., c. vi.) Nothing was then too wonderful to be believed in natural history. And one writer always copies from another the most marvellous accounts which he can find. Thus Olaus Magnus starts the story of the Norwegian kraken, "which hath" (we again use the old translation) "hair hanging from his neck a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the shippers, and he puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them." Very nearly the same description is given by Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, who was born nearly two hundred years afterwards, in his "Natural History of Norway." Pontoppidan copies from Olaus Magnus, and Olaus Magnus from Pliny, for there we find the origin of many of the Archbishop's wild stories. Still some little progress is made by each writer. He cannot always quite digest all the marvels of his predecessor. He sometimes takes some exception. Thus the good

Pontoppidan not unreasonably complains that he cannot quite believe the account of Olaus Magnus about the whale, which is so large that sailors sometimes mistake its back for an island, and landing upon it light their fires. But the curious point is, that amidst all the worthless chaff of such writers of natural history we every now and then find some grains of wheat. Whether the grains are not something like Gratiano's reasons,—“you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search,”—may, with some persons, be open to doubt. Still it is something to find a real fact, and to discover that we moderns are not after all quite so wise as we think ourselves. Thus Olaus Magnus describes with great minuteness the Dal-Ripa's habit of burrowing, during severe weather, quite out of sight in deep snow. The truth of the statement has been questioned by several eminent naturalists, but the fact has been corroborated beyond a shadow of a doubt by recent observers. So, too, in Pontoppidan's account of the breeding habits of the eider-duck (*Anas mollissima*), the startling statement that the hen carries the young on her back down to the sea from the high cliffs on which she sometimes breeds, has recently met with confirmation.

These reflections are forced upon us as we take up the fifth volume of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, which has lately been issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The volume contains the Archdeacon's famous *Topographia Hibernica*. As the accomplished editor of the former volumes, Professor Brewer, remarked in his preface, it is to the industry of *Giraldus Cambrensis* that we are “exclusively indebted for all that is known of the state of Ireland during the whole of the Middle Ages.” But it is with his account of the natural history of Ireland that we are now most interested. At first sight it does not look very promising. We meet with the good old stock anecdotes—that eagles soar so near the sky that their wings are singed with the sun's fire; that ospreys have a web to one of their feet and claws to the other; that cranes are able to digest iron, and sleep standing on one leg, holding in the other claw a stone, so as to awake them when it drops. In general substance the natural history of *Giraldus* resembles, with some slight variations, that of his contemporary, Alexander Neckam, in the *De Naturis Rerum*. Both have the same account of swans singing before they die. Both deal in much the same style of etymology of the names of birds. They both draw the same sort of moral observations from the habits of birds. *Giraldus* (Distinctio I., cap. xii.) relates that the sparrow-hawk (*nibus*) will in cold weather seize a bat (*serotinam aviculam*), and nestle against it all night for the sake of its warmth, and then in the morning let it go uninjured. Neckam, however (liber I., cap. xxv.), instead of a bat substitutes a partridge or a duck, or, as he adds, any bird. Neckam (liber I., cap. xlvi.), tells us that the bernacle goose is produced from the gummy resinous substance which exudes from deal when immersed in the sea. *Giraldus* (Distinctio I., cap. xv.) not only tells us the same thing, but declares that he has seen with his own eyes more than a thousand complete embryos of these birds, in their shells, hanging upon a piece of wood on the sea shore—“vidi multoties oculis meis plusquam mille minuta hujusmodi avium corpuscula, in litore maris ab uno ligno dependentia, testis inclusa, et jam formata.” It was this very story, when told by Ramus, which moved the anger of Bishop Pontoppidan, who gives many reasons to show its absurdity. The natural history, therefore, of *Giraldus*, does not at first sight look very promising. But we must remember that greater men than *Giraldus*, to use Lafeu's saying, “have taken the lark for the bunting.” Shakespeare, who, as long as he trusts to his own observation, is always accurate, on the other hand falls at times into the wildest blunders. Thus he endows lizards with stings, and gives them also to the common snake (Second Part of King Henry VI., act. iii., sc. 1), and represents the mole as blind. But then these were the common blunders of the day, held by nearly everybody. Aristotle, too, who, as Mr. Lewes in his most interesting work has shown, has so often forestalled modern scientific observation, has fallen into errors nearly as bad as those of *Giraldus Cambrensis*. He, too, represents the mole as being blind, and regards testaceous animals as plants. Under these circumstances we may pardon *Giraldus Cambrensis*. When he trusts to his own observations he is always correct. His correctness, too, in natural history has not escaped the observation of his new editor, for Professor Brewer, it appears, has no longer charge of the present edition. Mr. Dimock says with much truth:—“I know not where to name any one else of the sort within ages of his time. He was also an accurate original observer, and had the boldness to put his own observations by the side of the received traditions.” And Mr. Dimock proceeds to make good his assertion by instancing

*Giraldus*'s account of the wild swan (*Cygnus ferus*) and the tame swan (*Cygnus olor*), “where he describes the more obvious distinctions clearly and correctly, in a way that a scientific naturalist of the present day can hardly improve upon.” One, too, of his most striking observations in his *Topographia Hibernica* is also noticed by Mr. Dimock. In 1833 Mr. Bell, the well-known zoologist, constituted the Irish hare (*Lepus Hibernicus*) into a distinct species from the English hare (*Lepus timidus*). In his *History of British Quadrupeds* he thus points out its principal distinction:—“The character of the fur is also remarkably different; it is composed exclusively of the uniform soft and shorter hair, which in the English species is mixed with the black-tipped long hairs.” Now, if we turn to *Giraldus Cambrensis*, we shall find that it is precisely the distinction of the hair between the two species which attracts his attention. Thus he writes:—There are many hares, though small, resembling rabbits both in the shortness and fine texture of their fur; or, to give his exact words, “sunt et lepores multi, sed minuti, cuniculis quidem tam sui modicata quam delicata pilositate consimiles.” (Distinctio I., cap. xxiv.) Mr. Bell will, we therefore trust, slightly amend his concluding words upon the Irish hare:—“It is certainly a very remarkable circumstance that it should have remained unnoticed until so late a period; and can only be accounted for by the fact that it is the only hare found in Ireland, and that therefore the opportunity of comparison did not frequently occur.” Some mention in future editions should be inserted of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who nearly 700 years ago most distinctly noted one of the chief characteristics of the Irish hare. This honour, however, the late Mr. Thompson, in his excellent *Natural History of Ireland*, has done the Archdeacon, in his account of the capercali (*Tetrao urogallus*). This bird is now, unfortunately, extinct in Ireland. The last was seen in the county of Leitrim, about the year 1710. Mr. Lloyd's attempt to reintroduce it in Ireland upon Lord Bantry's property, as he had done on the Marquis of Breadalbane's in Scotland, proved a failure. *Giraldus* says that capercali were in his day more numerous than grouse, which is, perhaps, to be attributed to the dense woods which then covered Ireland. The former he calls by the apt name of *pavo silvestris*, and the latter *gruta*, evidently an onomatopoeic formed from the note of the bird, which, by the peasantry of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, is to this day called “grattering.” The word, like *ratula*, for corncrake, which occurs immediately afterwards, and is formed on the same principle, is an ἄπαξ λεγόμενον. The Swedes, we may notice, in the same manner call the hybrid between the capercali and the black grouse *rackel-fogel*, on account of the noise which it makes—the word *rackla* meaning to hawk up phlegm. In conclusion, we will add one or two more notices of the closeness of the observation of *Giraldus*. Thus, he mentions the rare great gray shrike (*Lanius excubitor*), which he calls “croeria,” and gives a description of its method of impaling beetles upon thorns. In a still more minute way he describes the habits of the hooded crow (*Corvus cornix*), which, being unable to open the mussels and limpets with its beak, flies up in the air, and then, letting them fall on the rocks, so breaks them to pieces,—an operation which people may to this day witness on the Irish coast, where the bird is rather common. After all, there are some grains of wheat amongst all the chaff, and it is worth the trouble of picking out.

#### AGED PEOPLE.

WHAT is it that insures longevity? Granting that there is no such thing as an *elixir vitae*—that the utmost ingenuity of the chemic art has failed to compound a potion of such virtue as to arrest indefinitely the advances of decay—what are the natural conditions which result in old age? The question is interesting, since it concerns us all; and it is constantly arising, and pressing for an answer, which it has never yet obtained. A writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* has devoted an article to the consideration of this matter; but the result of his inquiries is that we can lay down very few general laws on the subject. Temperance, undoubtedly, is a good rule to go by; but it is beyond question that very intemperate men sometimes live to a great age, while careful men are cut short prematurely. Anacreon, if we may depend on anything that is related of him, committed all kinds of excesses, lived to be more than eighty and after all died of an accident. Everybody must be aware of instances of hard drinkers and loose livers attaining to something like patriarchal years; and a well-known story is told of two very old men who were cited in a court of justice to give evidence as to some local custom, and who were questioned by

the judge as to their habits. One said he had been a water-drinker all his life; the other confessed that he never went to bed sober. The story looks a little too epigrammatic for probability; yet it might be true. The *Quarterly* reviewer, however, is not correct in saying that "longevity is *as common* in persons who defy regimen and sobriety as in those who most strictly enforce them;" for immediately afterwards he writes, "It is but fair to add that the probabilities are four to one in favour of sobriety." Still, temperance is not a specific; nor is any particular kind of air. People live to be extremely old in towns as well as in the country; and hot climates and cold climates are both found to be consistent with length of days. When you read of the number of old people always to be met with in Norway, you are inclined to think that an icy atmosphere is the great thing for conserving the vital forces, until you remember that the negroes of tropical climates are remarkable for reaching unusual ages. Nor is exercise infallible. The Rev. W. Davis, incumbent of Staunton-on-Wye, in Herefordshire, who died in 1790 at the reputed age of one hundred and five, took no out-door exercise for the last thirty-five years of his life, and only walked a little from room to room, and that very slowly. Cleanliness is perhaps of all things the least necessary to longevity. Many of our lower orders who live to be very old are sufficiently dirty in their persons, and it is simply begging the question to say that if they were cleaner they would live to be still older. Farm labourers, scavengers, dustmen, and some others, are almost compelled to be dirty by the very nature of their avocations; yet with the first of these three classes long life is frequent, and we are not aware that in the others the rate of mortality is low. Old Mrs. Lewson, an eccentric widow who died in London in 1806, at the age of one hundred and six, would never have her rooms washed, and seldom swept, and was such a foe to personal ablutions that she never went farther than to smear her face and neck with hog's lard, averring that "people who washed themselves were always catching cold;" yet she retained her health to the last, and at eighty-seven cut two new teeth. Of Elizabeth Durieux, a woman of Savoy, it is recorded that, when seen at the age of one hundred and nineteen, she was "very dirty;" and it is said of the Icelanders that, though most uncleanly, and consequently suffering a good deal from skin diseases, their average longevity exceeds that of the continental nations of Europe. It is, of course, not to be inferred from these examples that cleanliness is otherwise than a good thing: it is unquestionably a good thing, both physically and morally; but it is not a specific for securing old age, nor is dirt so harmful as might at first sight appear. In the present age, it may be as well to recollect that washing, like all other good things, may be carried too far. It is quite conceivable that too frequent ablutions of the person may have an exhausting influence, by unduly exciting the skin, or by removing some physical elements which are required for sustaining the general vitality.

Much may depend on the circumstances of life; yet even here there is no laying down any inflexible rule. Generally, the condition most favourable to long life is that of ease and moderate affluence. Annuitants are said to live for ever, because they are relieved from anxiety as to the future; and Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of Physic at Cambridge, New England, in 1804, attributed the many instances of longevity which his country afforded to the mediocrity of men's circumstances, which removed them equally from the excesses of luxury and the deprivations of want. Yet it is certain that many rich people live to be old, and that many others within the range of pauperism contrive to get such a grip on life (though there can be little in it to interest or solicit them) that they hold on to an extreme age. Hardships frequently kill in early life, but beyond a certain time they seem rather to enring the vital forces with panoply of proof. Nevertheless, to adopt the "hardening" principle as a rule in the bringing up of children would be a mistake. It is "kill or cure," and more frequently the former than the latter. Some years ago, an Irish gentleman tried the experiment of letting his child go naked in the severest weather; but it ended like that other notable trial, as to whether a horse could live without food. As a rule, in cold climates, generous diet and warm clothing are the best conservators of life. Bacon told us long ago that there should ever be "a leaning towards the more benign extreme;" and modern physicians confirm his precept. "Use fasting and full eating," he writes, "but rather full eating; that nature may be cherished, and yet taught masteries." The philosophic Chancellor, by the way, was a curious inquirer into the means of prolonging life; though with no great success in his own case. His "Natural History" and "The History of Life and Death" contain some singular observations on this

subject, of which the *Quarterly* reviewer might have availed himself. He used to have a fresh-cut turf brought up to him every morning to inhale; he was fond of riding out bareheaded in the rain, because he said he felt "the spirit of the world about him;" he stirred his beer or wine at dinner with a branch of rosemary; and he dabbed a little in medicine. But he attained to no great length of days, and succumbed to a cold caught in stuffing a dead cock with snow, to see if that would preserve the flesh, and exacerbated by a damp bed into which he was put at Highgate.

How far mental exercise is favourable, and how far detrimental, to health, is a matter on which many pages might be written. It is doubtless a question of degree. A certain amount of brain-work is indispensable to health, if ever the brain has been exercised at all; a certain other amount is fatal, though it is well known that some of the hardest head-workers are among the longest lives. The writer in the *Quarterly Review* speaks of lawyers as being remarkable for longevity; and we ourselves, in a paper in this journal of October 24th, 1863, alluded to both lawyers and statesmen as furnishing numerous instances of extended vitality. We refer the reader to that paper for an enumeration of some of the more eminent rulers, law-makers, and law-expounders, of ancient and modern times, who outlived the ordinary span. Literary men are generally not famous for length of days; but soldiers and sailors often make a very good figure. Actors stand rather high; artists not so well; musicians and men of science very low. Some remarks on the general subject we may reproduce verbally from the *Quarterly* :—

"Buffon held that 'the man who did not die of accidental causes reached, everywhere, the age of ninety or a hundred;' and the physiologist agrees in substance with the naturalist. The calculation of Buffon was based on the proportion which duration of life bears, in all animals, to duration of years of growth. A dog attains full growth in two years, which he can multiply by five or six in his term of life. The horse, full grown at four years, can live six or seven times as long, *i.e.* twenty-five or twenty-six years. On the same principle, argued Buffon, man, fourteen years in growing, can live six or seven times that term, or to ninety or a hundred years. The researches, too, of the French physicians, most recently those of Dr. Acosta, of Paris, into the subject of the 'Commencement of Decadence,' while showing much diversity as to the 'climacteric'—which, according to the Greeks, was 49; according to M. Flourens, 70; and according to the Arabs, 63 and 81, *i.e.*, seven times and nine times their magic 'nine'—corroborate the opinion that certain organizations are proof against the ravages of time and the attacks of sickness and death. Some men retain their vigour of mind and intellect till ninety or a hundred. In his 'Traité de la vieillesse Hygiénique' (constantly quoted in M. Flourens' interesting chapter 'on old age') M. Reveillé-Parise, a deceased physician and philanthropist, distinguishes between the life of action and the life of power, the 'vireo in posse' and the 'vireo in actu,' the 'forces in reserve' and the 'forces in use,' which are the disposable fund of man's strength. As he descends the hill of life he finds the lack of the former, which in youth were superabundant; he has to trust in the main to his 'active forces.' If he draws upon those in reserve, he may run a risk of his draught being dishonoured."

On the whole, the utmost that can be said in the way of generalization on this mysterious subject is that certain persons are born with a strong impulse or momentum of vitality in them, and that this is kept up by the desire to live, by equability of mind, and by whatever helps to suspend the processes of decay, or to augment the power of recovery from the injuries of life.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Continental press attribute to Russia warlike intentions in the East, which the language of some of the Russian organs seem to render probable. One of these, the *Golos*, discusses the utility, in the event of war, of an alliance with Prussia, but would be satisfied with her neutrality, which "would be only a just compensation for the neutrality of Russia during the late German war." It reckons amongst the allies of Russia, who could render eminent services, the Serbs, the Montenegrins, the Roumains, the Epirotes, the Thessalians, and the Greeks. The *Debatte*, of Vienna, gives two lines of policy, favoured respectively by the partisans of Prince Gortschakoff and the adherents of General Ignatief: the former aiming at a peaceful solution to be effected by inducing the Porte to grant reforms to the Christian population of the East, the latter proposing to make use of the Eastern Christians in order to compel the Turkish Government to make concessions of a much more extensive kind than are aimed at by Prince Gortschakoff. The Czar, according to the *Debatte*, leans to the latter policy. Another Vienna paper, the *Fremdenblatt*, attributes to Prince Michael the declaration that he is to be the Victor Emmanuel, and his

country the Piedmont, of the Christian populations of Turkey; and it would appear that in spite of the representations of the Western Powers, Servia is completely subject to the influence of St. Petersburg, and is only waiting to receive from it the signal to begin. But the *Golos* says that "Russia will not enter into a new Eastern campaign without having made solid preparations;" and the *Times* gives prominence to a paragraph which it calls an "important telegram" in reference to the report which has appeared lately in the Vienna and other journals—that Russia is arming in the south. The telegram says that this report is entirely without foundation—that Russia "was never less in a position to go to war than at the present moment," and that "she has neither men, horses, breech-loaders, nor money."

SIGNOR CAMBRAI DIGNY made his financial statement in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday. He estimates the deficit for 1869 at £10,000,000, which he proposes to cover by a tax upon grinding, which is calculated to yield £3,000,000; by the development of new taxes and administrative reforms in the direction of economy, which will save about £4,000,000; and by "the development of commercial prosperity," which is to meet the remaining £3,000,000. With all the difficulties inseparable from a newly-constituted kingdom, it ought not to be impossible to realize this statement, nor would it be so if the members of the Legislature were animated by a true spirit of patriotism, and did not waste their own energies and those of the nation in profitless intrigue. Cambray Digny announces measures involving administrative reforms, which cannot fail to produce beneficial changes, not merely in a pecuniary point of view. But will the Chamber sanction them? If it will, the case of Italy is not hopeless. The deficit for 1869, if not covered, will be greatly diminished; and against the floating debt of £32,000,000 there is the value of the Church property, estimated at £40,000,000. The party of the Right, at a meeting at which General Menabrea and the Ministers of finance and marine were present, have resolved energetically to urge forward the discussion of the budget, in order that the Parliament may be at liberty to discuss Bills relative to finance and the interior reorganization of the country. The committee of the Chamber have approved the budget of the Interior for 1868, which effects a saving on that of 1867 of 4,050,289 lire.

SIGNOR RATTAZZI has accused the Menabrea Cabinet of having published only a selection of the "Documents relating to recent events," instead of the whole, and of having anti-dated some of the documents, so as to make it appear that he favoured the invasion of the Roman States at a time when he professed to be endeavouring to repress it. He insists that his policy had two periods, and that, up to some date in October—apparently prior to the 16th—he was doing what he could to prevent the invasion; after that date he decided to occupy Rome; and if the documents are read by the light of this explanation, and by the dates he affixes to them, they will acquit him of the charge of hypocritical complicity with the Garibaldian movement. He laid upon the President's table copies of documents which are not amongst those produced by the Government, and has demanded their publication.

THE depressed state of trade and manufactures in France has given rise to a cry for Protection, and the Lille Chamber of Commerce has memorialized the Minister of Commerce for a recurrence to the system which preceded the Cobden treaty. English manufactures shut out from America by a prohibitory duty have been thrown on the French market; and France, which between 1863 and 1867 reduced her exports of spun flax from 26,616,000f. to 7,300,000f., increased her imports during the same period from 7,624,000f. to 13,400,000f. The manufacturers of Roubaix have also memorialized the Government demanding that notice should be given of the cessation of the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, to which they refer the disastrous state of their industry, by favouring the introduction in France of products similar to its own. In 1860, in the arrondissement of Cambrai, there were 500 frames in full work, representing a value of 3,000,000f., and giving employment to 3,000 persons. Now there are hardly 100 persons working half-time; the frames have lost 75 per cent. of their value, and the men have been obliged to take to spinning wool.

M. DE PERSIGNY maintains, in a letter to the *Journal des Débats*, that the French press owes its misfortunes, and the public indifference to its fate, to its attacks on private cha-

racter. He urges it to petition for a return to the state of things by which the surveillance of such acts of defamation was under the jurisdiction of the public prosecutor, the *parquet*, or Crown lawyers, from whom, in blind admiration of the law of England, it was withdrawn by the law of 1819, which compels the parties defamed to prosecute. But as Frenchmen will not prosecute, defamation escapes with impunity, and the public are indifferent to the severities imposed by the Legislature on the press. M. Prévost Paradol replies with a better reason for this indifference, ascribing it to the attacks of the Socialist press against all principles of government, and against society itself—attacks against which M. de Persigny did not direct his system of "warnings," which he limited expressly to attacks against the "principles of the Government."

CONTINENTAL gossip informs us that the projected marriage of the Prince of Orange with the eldest daughter of the King of Hanover is likely to take place. The Pope has sent to the Queen of Spain the golden rose, blessed at mass on Twelfth-day. His Holiness has received as a parting gift from the young Duke de Luynes, on his leaving the regiment of the Papal Zouaves, two batteries of rifled cannon for the Roman army. The Pope, it is said, asked how he could adequately acknowledge such a gift. "By allowing me," said the Duke, "to add twelve other guns, if these are not sufficient." According to the *Gazette des Étrangers*, the Duchess de Morny has become a Catholic. The widow of General Miramon has taken up her residence at Vienna, with her children, and will receive a pension from the Austrian Government. Poor Empress Charlotte, according to *La France*, was informed only last week of the catastrophe at Queretaro.

THE *Times* Special Correspondent at Constantinople describes what has been done by the European Commission, appointed under the Treaty of Paris, to facilitate the navigation of the Danube, and promote access to its wheat-growing plains. The Sulina mouth was the one generally used, and while the roadstead was so dangerous that the coast was strewn with wrecks, the water at the bar was so shallow that only vessels of light draught could enter the river. The channel has been deepened by increasing the scour, so that there are now from 16 to 17 feet of water at the bar, instead of between 9 and 11. The necessity for trans-shipment has been thus avoided. The wrecks have fallen from 39 in a thousand to 2; freights have declined with the diminution of risk and the economy effected in loading; and the average of the tonnage of the shipping entering the Danube has risen from 326,500 in the period between 1853 to 1859, to 497,700 between 1860 and 1865, in spite of the opposition of the Kustendji and Tchernavoda Railway. The Commission has now only to effect the canalization of the Iren Gate, a defile east of Orsova, where the river is broken up into a succession of shallows and rapids, in order to crown their labours.

If we have often to beware of the good offices of our friends, there are times when we may congratulate ourselves on the hostilities of our enemies. The Opposition in the Indre-et-Loire have lately given a banquet to celebrate the election of their candidate, M. Houssard. Towards the close of the evening the health of the editor of the Prefect's journal was proposed in these terms:—"We cannot separate without proposing, with all possible enthusiasm, the health of M. Ladevèze, who, by his outrageous articles, his falsehoods, and his indigestible prose, so happily smashed his own candidate, and contributed to the success of his adversary."

THE Rev. Newman Hall gives us, through the *Times*, his experience of American feeling towards this country during a three months' visit to the United States. The South hate us cordially; their Democratic allies in the North follow suit. The Irish inflame this enmity to the utmost. Some speculators would be glad of a war in hope of gain, and some politicians from selfish ambition; but "the mass of the intelligent, commercial, and religious classes are true friends of Great Britain." They earnestly love the old country, "and deeply deplore the existence of any 'rooted bitterness.'" Mr. Newman Hall adds that such bitterness is to be found upon the *Alabama* question. "I did not," he says, "meet an individual of any rank or party who does not consider us guilty of a grievous wrong, which must be fairly adjudged with a view to redress, if there is to be true and lasting concord between us. While this is unsettled there is a powerful bond of union between parties otherwise at

variance as regards ourselves. Remove this, and the mass of Americans would waive all other supposed grievances, the recognition included." Mr. Hall would have us, without waiting for the results of diplomacy, and without even the appearance of a demand, however fair, refer the question to our own lawyers, and if they decide that we are in fault, at once pay the damages demanded. But is it not too late to do this?

THE best news from America is that the Protectionists themselves are beginning to see that Protection is incompatible with national prosperity. Senator Sprague, a manufacturer and Protectionist, said recently in the Senate that he did not know of a single manufacturing interest which is not almost destroyed. He admitted that from the "poor, despised, short-stapled, husky Indian cotton, a fabric is to-day produced by the skill and labour of Englishmen equal to the best fabric that American machinery has been able to produce." This would be a hopeful sign if the President and Congress could bring themselves to act in harmony. But their difference upon Southern policy is as bitter as ever. The House of Representatives has rejected the Bill passed by the Senate abolishing the tax upon the cotton crop of 1868; and, by a majority of 123 against 45 votes, it has sanctioned a Bill declaring that there are no valid civil Governments in the late rebellious States, and transferring all powers of appointment and removal under the Reconstruction Act from President Johnson to General Grant, as Commander-in-Chief of the army.

THE Catholic clergy of Limerick met on Monday to discuss the repeal of the Union, and inaugurate a peaceful agitation to that end. The speeches were moderate in tone, and it was announced that the repeal declaration has now received the signatures of 223 of the clergy. The meeting adjourned for six weeks, to ascertain, on the meeting of Parliament, the intentions of the Government. As far as the particular object for which they are uniting is concerned, they know this already. At the Bristol banquet to her Majesty's Ministers, Lord Stanley said most distinctly that "those who go in for a separate national existence, or repeal of the Union, which practically comes to the same thing, are asking for what they can never obtain, and it is only true kindness to tell them so in plain terms. We will not allow the British empire to be pulled to pieces in virtue of any fantastic theories, nor because some politicians may have talked unadvisedly about the sacred cause of nationality as applied to other countries. Ireland and England are inseparable, now and for ever."

THE police are confident that Michael Barratt, who was captured on Tuesday week at Glasgow, together with James O'Neil, is the man who fired the barrel of gunpowder at Clerkenwell. Prior to that outrage they had "a certain sort of indefinite information" as to something afoot among those suspected in Glasgow to be Fenians. After the outrage, "it was made pretty clear" that the whole plot was laid and matured at Glasgow, and that Barratt, with one or two others, was intrusted to "do the job." Private inquiries, it is further said, pointed to Barratt, and only to Barratt, as the man who fired the fuse. We find this statement in the *Times* of Monday. But in its report on Tuesday of the examination of Barratt and O'Neil at Bow-street, there is a contradiction in the evidence of two witnesses which shows a mistake of identity in at least one of them. The boy Wheeler, nearly eleven years of age, says he thinks Barratt was the man; and he "picked him out" at the station-house in the morning. But so did Mrs. Janman pick out Groves. On the other hand, Thomas Francis Young says positively that "O'Neil is the man who fired the barrel." O'Neil says he can produce a hundred witnesses to prove that he was in Glasgow at the time. It is to be hoped the police have better evidence than they have yet produced for concluding that Barratt is the man.

ANOTHER Fenian leader, named Clancy, has been captured. Two detectives, who had followed him into Bedford-square, closed with him, and arrested him, though he fired at each with a revolver. We are comforted with the assurance that Mr. Clancy is nearly the last of the chiefs who have been "wanted," and that there remain only two or three who are on their keeping, watching an opportunity to fly the country. Neither here nor in Ireland have the Fenians now either leaders or funds. Amen. But who was it who in broad day posted up the seditious placard last Saturday on the front of

the Mansion House, on that part devoted to Royal proclamations? City police-constable Newham, 577, the officer on duty, knew nothing about it till he saw a crowd reading it, and came in time to prevent their tearing it down, and to bear it off to Colonel Fraser. The placard was Fenian of the first water, even to the doggerel with which it ends:—

"Oh, that to England nailed Ireland should be,  
Preserve her green flag of liberty.  
Erin-go-bragh."

It is to be hoped the police who assure us that Fenianism is now practically defunct are more up to their work than 577.

"THE redoubtable George Francis Train sails for Europe in the *Scotia*," writes the New York correspondent of the *Star*. "George has talked pretty loudly on the Fenians; but, if you want to make him talk more loudly, just put him under arrest." The authorities have bettered this instruction. On his arrival at Queenstown, "George" was arrested, released, arrested again and again released. His final discharge, if it is final, was based upon his assurance that he had landed in Ireland without any seditious intention. But if this satisfied the authorities, for what, in the name of common sense, did they arrest him? The modus of the proceeding was worse than the thing itself. First they take him before a justice of the peace, "investigate" him, and let him go. At twelve o'clock at night they send two detectives to his hotel, who search his baggage and mount guard over him for the rest of the night. In the morning they again arrest him and take him to Cork, to be once more investigated, and to see if the magistrates there can make anything treasonable out of him. But they can see no further into a millstone than the J. P.'s of Queenstown; and when he assures them that he is an honest man, and not a sedition-monger, they let him go. If "George" has a mind to talk loudly, here is good reason for his doing so.

IT appears that his release was in obedience to an order from the Lord Lieutenant, who must be glad to get rid of so troublesome a customer. While he was at the police-station some one asked "George" for his autograph, whereupon he wrote, in the presence of the police:—

"Whether on the gallows high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man."

For another applicant for the same honour he wrote:—"Pay Alabama claims, or fight. Release American citizens in English gaols, or war is certain." There seems a probability that though the Government have let him go, he is not likely to release them, but will demand reparation for his imprisonment, of which he refused to accept any mitigation.

THROUGHOUT the week there has been a continued tendency to improvement in the stock markets, and the English funds have been favourably affected by the demand for investment consequent upon the existing plethora in the money market. Foreign stocks have exhibited increased activity, particularly Peruvian, Egyptian, Brazilian, Chilean, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Turkish, and an almost general rise has taken place. The tone of the home railway market has continued healthy, and prices have generally had an upward tendency, in consequence of the continued purchases, to close speculative sales; and Great Western, South Eastern, and Metropolitan close from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. better.

From the report of the directors of the Consolidated Bank, presented on the 23rd instant, it appears that, after paying all current expenses for the half-year, there remains a net profit of £27,263. 9s. 1d., to which is to be added the balance from last half-year of £8,188. 4s. 7d., making a total of £35,451. 13s. 8d., which it is proposed to divide as follows:—To dividend for the half-year, at the rate of 5 per cent., £20,000; to reserved surplus fund (which will then amount to £100,000) £3,100; to special reserve fund (which will then be £20,000) £10,000; carrying forward to next account the balance of £2,351. 13s. 8d.

At the meeting of the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank, to be held on the 27th instant, the directors will recommend that the available balance of £27,984. 9s. 8d. be divided as follows:—To payment of a dividend, at the rate of 7 per cent. free of income tax, on £600,000, £21,000.

From the report of the directors of the Provincial Banking Company, to be presented to the shareholders at their meeting on the 3rd February, it appears that the net earnings

for the half-year amount to £24,693. 10s. 10d., and that after payment of all expenses there remains an available balance of £10,941. 3s. 7d., out of which a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. is recommended for the half-year, carrying £2,000 to the reserve fund, £1,477. 4s. 5d. to rebate on bills, and £1,557. 11s. 11d. to profit and loss new account; to reduction of bank premises and furniture accounts, £1,000; to reserve fund, £5,000; carrying forward to next account, £984. 9s. 8d.

From the report of the directors of the Warrant Finance Company, held on the 17th inst., we learn that after carrying a sum of £9,850, representing the amount paid up upon the shares forfeited for non-payment of last call, to the credit of profit and loss, there still remains a balance at the debit of the account of £55,616. 0s. 11d.

FROM the Abyssinian expedition the news as to the health of the troops is good; but Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*, confirms the statements we alluded to last week, that there has been gross mismanagement, at least with respect to the mules. They have been dying by hundreds, chiefly perhaps, in consequence of disease, against which no precaution could have been taken; but their mortality is also, "in a great measure, due to sheer neglect." This is a serious matter as regards the British tax-payer. The average cost of each mule is £40; and in one night there died £1,200 worth. Mules were sent to Annesley without proper equipments and muleteers. No adequate provision was made for water. Some of the "small blunders" of those who organized the expedition remind one strongly of the Crimea. A European regiment, the 33rd, cannot be moved to Senafé, because their warm clothing has not arrived. The soldiers of this regiment have Enfield rifles and Snider ammunition; Coolies are landed without tents, though the rains are hourly expected; and the mules, who easily gnaw through the thickest ropes, have been sent without iron chains.

As to the cost of the expedition the *Times of India* warns us "to extend" our "financial appreciation of the costly luxury of a war for honour and sentiment." In Bombay Mr. Disraeli's estimate of four millions has been read with amusement. It appears that for the item of freight alone we are paying £256,000 per month; and this is quite independent of the nine months' stock of provisions for 10,000 troops—supposing that Sir Robert Napier gets to Magdala, releases the captives, and returns to Senafé by June next. In this stock of provisions we have coals purchased in many cases at 60s. per ton, and expended in condensing water at the rate of 90 tons per day; warm clothing, of which 100,000 garments have been taken up at two days' notice in Bombay; rails, trucks, screw-pile piers, &c.; besides upwards of 20,000 baggage animals, equipments, and miscellaneous stores of all descriptions. It comes to this, that Mr. Disraeli's estimate must be at least doubled.

On the 21st December, letters from the captives were brought into the camp at Senafé by an Abyssinian messenger, who said that he was one of Mr. Flad's servants, and who also brought a letter from Mr. Flad, who is with Theodore. The captives' letters, dated November 11, stated that they were well, and in good spirits, having heard of the arrival of the advance brigade at Zoulla. Theodore was said to be attempting to reach Magdala, but to have met with such opposition from the rebel chiefs and the peasantry that he had only been able to advance thirty miles, still pursuing his policy of wholesale pillage and extermination. Though universally abhorred, no enemy dares to approach him. The correspondent of the *Post* writes that an Abyssinian chief, who had been intimate with the King, represented him as passionate and vindictive, but with an enormous influence over the minds not only of his own subjects but of all with whom he came in contact. One of the captives writes that it is doubtful whether the very sight of him, if he succeeds in reaching Magdala, will not put his enemies' armies to flight. But will he reach Magdala? It is probable that the whole country is up in arms against him, and though the people fear himself, they do not fear his followers, but do their utmost to impede their movements.

CAN the following story be true? At a meeting this week of the Paddington Vestry, the representative of Paddington in the Metropolitan Board of Works said that a short time ago he found "a select clique" of the board sitting in conclave to consider the advisability of borrowing a sum of £350,000 from the London and Westminster Bank to complete certain im-

provements. The doors admitting to the board-room were locked, no reporters were present, and he was told that none would be admitted, though it is the rule of the board that reporters shall not be excluded unless a motion to that effect is made and carried. He protested, but in vain. He urged that, as the board had £220,000 in the London and Westminster Bank, for which they were receiving interest at only 1½ per cent., it was preposterous to think of borrowing £350,000 at 3½ per cent. But the conclave decided in favour of this step, and his protests went for nothing!

DISTRESS everywhere. Not to speak of the East end of London, the increase of paupers throughout the country was at the end of November, 5 per cent. In the Southern States of America three millions of persons are on the verge of pauperism. There is great distress in France. Afflicting accounts come from Algeria of the progress of famine in that country, where those who die of starvation are said to be so numerous that their bodies are thrown into trenches as on the day after a battle. In Eastern Prussia the distress is "indefinable"—men, women, and children are huddled together, completely destitute, in the forest, many dying of typhus, but the greater part of hunger.

So badly do the parochial authorities arrange the distribution of relief, that it appears to be a fact that people who are in a state of starvation may be kept waiting for nine or ten hours before they can obtain a hearing. This was the fate of a man who died some hours afterwards from exposure to cold and want of nourishment. He applied for admission into St. Luke's Workhouse, and after waiting from half-past nine in the morning till seven in the evening, the relieving officer gave him a shilling and a loaf, for himself, his wife, and child!

WE have imagined any time these six years that our volunteer force was an efficient force, and we have from time to time pointed to our patriot army as one of the many distinguishing points between us and all the rest of the world. And now Lord Ranelagh tells us that this army is only a "sham." It is "as the tire of a wheel without spokes or axle," and "to send them (the volunteers), as at present organized, into the field, would be to act Mentana over again on a larger scale of failure and disaster." But, though this is discouraging, Lord Ranelagh reassures us when he says that there is a remedy which is "not only simple, but perfectly inexpensive;" and by which "the volunteers, as an army of reserve, shall be prepared for any duty or emergency at the shortest reasonable notice." We see no occasion to be offended with his lordship's criticism. It is perfectly correct. As yet we have a volunteer army only inasmuch as we possess trained volunteers, who are thoroughly dependable for all that courage and discipline can do. But an army is an army, whether it is composed of volunteers or regulars, and until the former possess all the adjuncts possessed by the latter, they are necessarily, so far, a sham.

WHEN we have exhausted our coal-mines, if we ever accomplish that feat, what, amongst other necessities with which coal supplies us, are we to do for gas? Will petroleum get us out of our difficulty? Apparently, yes. Samples of the bitumen obtained from the celebrated pitch-lake of Trinidad have been tested by Dr. Letheby, and Mr. T. Keates, F.C.S., of London, and by Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow University, in order to ascertain its applicability to the manufacture of gas; and it appears probable that the Trinidad bitumen may one day rival the best description of cannel coal. Moreover, successful experiments with the same view have been made for some days at the Royal Arsenal gasworks, Woolwich. The bitumen was also tested for fuel and heating purposes, again with success, showing that it will form a safe resource for investment of capital when coal fails us. 200 tons of bitumen have in consequence been ordered by the War Department for the use of the Royal Arsenal gas-works.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is not the motto of the *Belgravia*. It has made a furious onslaught on the reputation of the late Mr. Robert Coates, popularly known as "Romeo" Coates, coarsely abusing him as "half fool, half cheat," and vilifying his memory as a man who was "driven from the stage for pocketing money he had obtained under pretence of playing for a charitable object." This scandalous imputation

has roused the indignation of Mr. Coates's friends, one of whom, in a letter to the *Standard*, mentions to his honour, that, after his death, his family discovered that at one period, "he had disbursed in private charity, and principally amongst the defendant families of those who strut and fret their hour upon the stage, not less than between £4,000 and £5,000." Another correspondent of the *Standard* characterizes the statement in the *Belgravian* as "a base and calumnious falsehood." It is certainly repugnant to the received idea of Mr. Coates's character.

THE members of the boat expedition which was sent out to ascertain the fate of Dr. Livingstone, have returned satisfied that the statement of the Johanna men to the effect that he had been murdered was a falsehood designed to conceal the fact that they had deserted him. The expedition followed Dr. Livingstone up to within a few miles of the place where it was reported he had been murdered. There they ascertained that he and his "boys" were ferried over a marshy lake by Marenga, while the Johanna men made a detour round the lake, and returned next day to Marenga, saying that they had deserted Livingstone, and should return to the coast, because he was leading them into a country where they would be murdered by the Maviti. The expedition, moreover, had interviews with the native porters, who carried Livingstone's luggage five days' journey further to Pascombe. This explains the report some time ago, that a white man had been seen on the west side of the Lake Tanganyik; and all anxiety now as to the fate of our explorer may be dismissed.

THE Bishop of London has addressed a solemn appeal to the Bishop of Capetown not to proceed in the consecration of a new bishop for the Church in Natal, without "the most perfect openness and the most complete examination by the authorities of Church and State as to the legality and propriety" of what he is doing. He urges that there is no precedent for such a proceeding since the schism of the non-jurors. Have the law-officers of the Crown been consulted, and have they declared the proposed consecration legal? or has any legal opinion been taken on the subject? and when and where is the consecration to take place, and who are to be the officiating bishops? It was proposed, first, to be held in Scotland, but the Scotch Episcopalian protest; then it was to be held in England, to-day. The bishops have naturally been alarmed at this threatened interference with their rights, more especially as at the Lambeth Conference they deliberately abstained from affirming that Dr. Colenso's deposition was valid, spiritually or otherwise, while the report of the committee, recommending the consecration of a new bishop, was "deliberately, not approved, but only received." Then, why such haste to consecrate, when Parliament and Convocation both meet early next month, when the question of right can be authoritatively determined?

THE arguments in the Mackonochie case have been concluded, after occupying the court for twelve days, and judgment has been reserved. It would be useless to discuss the merits of this question at the present moment, because, whatever the judgment may be, the case will be carried before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. It is at least, however, plain that the practice of the Church in reference to the acts charged against the incumbent of St. Alban's is either very loosely defined, or very ill understood. That proceedings of this kind will mend the matter is as little to be hoped as that they will not be resorted to. That elastic character of the Articles which, from a political point of view, was the recommendation of the Church at the time of the Reformation as calculated to consolidate her, is now acting in the opposite direction, and is rending her in twain.

OUR readers have not forgotten the case of Matilda Griggs, who was stabbed by her lover in thirteen places; recovered by a miracle; was bound over, under a penalty of £40, to appear and prosecute him; wrote to him while he lay in prison to say that she would marry him as soon as he was set at liberty, and kept out of the way to avoid giving evidence against him on his trial, thinking that without her evidence he would not be convicted. For this she was arrested by order of the Barons of the Queen's Exchequer, and on Saturday last she came before the Registrar of the Chelmsford County Court on her own petition, praying to be adjudicated a bankrupt. Never having been a trader, the Registrar could not deal with her petition,

and she was sent back to the county gaol until March next. Could anything be more atrociously absurd and inhuman than to enforce the letter of the law in such a case? The girl, who is now only seventeen, refused to prosecute to conviction a man who was the father of her child, and with whom, forgiving all that had passed, she looked forward to a happy marriage. Wise or not, such devotion was at least entitled to respect, not to punishment. We are glad to see that two gentlemen, shocked at the brutal stupidity of her treatment, have each sent £40 to a daily contemporary for the purpose of obtaining her release.

IT is to be hoped that two of the thousand constables who have been added to the police force will be stationed at Short's-gardens, Endell-street. It might be supposed that between three and four in the afternoon it would be possible to walk from one end of this street to the other, a distance of about an eighth of a mile, without being set upon by footpads and robbed. But two letters have just appeared which dissipate this pleasing delusion. The writer of one states that while he and his son were walking through Endell-street, as they were passing Short's-gardens, a man pounced upon the son, tore his watch and Albert chain from his pocket, "doubled round us," and escaped. The writer called "police" and "stop thief," but "although there were several rough fellows standing about who might have caught the scoundrel with the greatest ease, as he ran close past them, not one raised his voice, or put out his hand to stop him, and he got clear off with his booty; and when I looked for a policeman there was not one to be found." Will Sir Richard Mayne grace his resignation of office by placing a pair of constables at this dangerous point?

THE *British Medical Journal* gives as a rough estimate of the casualties that occur in London during such a week of frost as we had the week before last, 400 accidents, of which fully 100 are cases of fracture, many of them of a serious and fatal character. This estimate, it observes, is based on the returns of only one half of the hospitals, and does not include the cases of private medical men. This is the result of the shameful state of the streets and footways in frosty weather, which is again the result of the gross neglect of the local authorities. In Paris, when the footways are covered with ice, they are gravelled; and when the thaw has converted ice into mud, it is carted away. If our vestries will not do their duty, let inspectors be appointed to do it for them, who shall not be subject to their control. The present state of things is disgraceful and intolerable.

SURELY it must have been the name of the locality which suggested to some wag the manufacture of the following paragraph:—"The wife of a retired soldier, living at Nunn's-hill, near Valparaiso, has recently brought forth, at one birth, four boys and two girls." This exceeds the loyalty of ladies "who love their lords," to an extent utterly inadmissible. But it cannot be true. No reasonable woman would so far forget herself.

THE past and present students of the various departments of King's College, London, have formed a committee for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Jelf, upon his retirement from his position as principal of the college. The uniform kindness and courtesy which has always distinguished Dr. Jelf, and which cannot have failed to leave a pleasing and lasting impression upon the mind of every person who was brought into connection with him, will render the duties of the committee very light, and we feel assured that their labours will bear a result not unworthy of the acceptance of the Principal or discreditable to his friends.

MANY persons have aspired to be thought "the modern Shakespeare"; but it seems that it is possible to regard the being called Shakespeare as an indignity. A crossing-sweeper of tender years was brought up the other day at the Hammersmith police-office on some petty charge, which fell to the ground. Before leaving the court, he asked the magistrate for "protection." Some other boys had had the insolence to call him Shakespeare, and against this his spirit rebelled. "I can read Shakespeare with the best of them," he said, "but I don't like to be called names." The magistrate commiserated, and the persecuted youth left the presence. To be "called names" is not pleasant; but we hardly thought Shakespeare had yet fallen so low as to be the disdained of crossing-sweepers.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for the article on this department, published in your columns last Saturday. The gratitude of every officer in the Savings Bank is yours, I am sure, for so able an exposition of their grievances. You therein state that none of your correspondents, on this subject, make allowance for the newness of the department. It is perfectly true that, in any new undertaking, a certain amount of extra labour is required before its affairs can be thoroughly organized; but the Savings Bank has been in existence for seven years. It is now as much an essential establishment of the country as is the Bank of England. Its success is unparalleled in the annals of legislation; and, in future ages, the name of William Gladstone, like that of William Paterson, will be associated with the establishment of a great national bank. For all this, however, the working expenses of the establishment are managed with that economy which is invariably exercised at the first starting of all monetary enterprises, but which, if persisted in when success has crowned the exertions of the promoters, degenerates from commendable caution, to despicable parsimony. The clerks of the Savings Bank do not complain of a want of organization. The department has been organized, and reorganized; but every time an alteration has been made, the work has been increased, and the pay proportionately diminished. It appears that neither honour nor generosity has any place with the chiefs of the General Post Office. This may be easily explained, for the greater the revenue of the Post Office, the more meritorious is considered the conduct of its directors; and, as in the generality of transactions in which money is the great end, "the end justifies the means." Many a deserving clerk endures the taunts of laziness and over pay, to which Civil Servants are liable, and lives on in undeserving, unnoticed, penury, while the public benefits by his services, and is annually gratified by the increase of the revenue.

When first the Savings Bank was organized, there were three distinct classes of junior clerks, viz., probationary clerks, receiving 5s. a day; third-class clerks, at a minimum of £80, with an annual increment of £5, up to £120; and second-class clerks, beginning at £180 and rising to £250. The establishment was very small, and by far the greater number employed in the department were extra clerks, who received a remuneration of tenpence per hour. As no nomination could be obtained for the establishment, and as it was evident that, ultimately, the number of permanent clerks must be considerably augmented, very many young men with good prospects accepted extra clerkships in the Savings Bank. They naturally considered that, so soon as the establishment should be increased, speedy promotion would ensue. This supposition was strengthened both by the newness of the office and the rapid extension of its business. For three or four years a large proportion of these clerks waited in almost daily anticipation of the inevitable change; but not until early in the year 1867 was any material addition made to the permanent staff; then about ninety extra clerks received the long-expected promotion. That promotion was, however, somewhat modified by an amalgamation of the classes before alluded to. The three junior classes were swept away, and a general body of clerks substituted. The pay was fixed to begin at £80 per annum, and, after two years' service, to be increased, by £10 per annum, to £250. By this rule, all chance of being placed on the second class in three or four years, which, under the former rule, may have been expected by many who became permanent clerks in 1867, was destroyed; and no one who came in in that year can reasonably expect any promotion for fifteen or twenty years. But this is not all. Not only was all legitimate prospect of promotion extinguished, but the promoted extras found themselves worse off by £20 per annum. Prior to the increase of the establishment, all permanent clerks, whose duties required them to work longer than the official six hours, had received, for their extra services, a remuneration of tenpence per hour. This was immediately stopped; and the result is that men on the establishment, who, as extra clerks, earned from 6s. to 7s. 6d. a day a year ago, now, for the same amount of work, receive 5s. a day. Is not this system of reorganization highly commendable? The poor clerks are in a minority; then trample on them. What matters it if they cry out that such a measure is "penny wise and pound foolish"? If gentlemen are treated worse than any firm dare treat its employés, it is certainly unfortunate for the

sufferers; but, so long as no danger or inconvenience from rattening or a strike is to be apprehended, the affair is more of a private than a public nature.

Jan. 20.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

## THE PATHWAYS IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—During the recent rains many of the paths running across Regent's Park have been impassable, while the grass land between them has been converted into marshy swamps. This morning I noticed three paths in this condition, and two of them were occupied by a flock of ducks, who were swimming about in evident enjoyment, probably heightened by the forlorn figure cut by half a dozen human beings who had to make a detour of some three hundred yards, and wade all the time up to their boot-tops in slush. I cannot tell how much this park costs to keep in repair, and I know nothing of its system of drainage, or to whose skill we are indebted for it; but there is no lack of gratings, and they have been laid down with such judgment that those I noticed this morning (and I saw quite thirty) are so placed as to be within two or three yards of either a huge pool of water, a series of smaller puddles, or a stream running past the grating without running into it.

Will you urge upon her Majesty's Commissioners to allow the boatmen who used to be on the "ornamental" to ferry those who have to travel across the park until the frost returns, or the summer comes? I do not ask that the park may be made fit for children to run about in, or the paths made sounder than the gutter in the Strand after a drizzling rain, because I feel sure it would be requiring too much of a Government department which is not above the average intelligence.

I am, &amp;c.,

J. W.

## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

THE performances at the Popular Concert of Monday last were again enhanced by the admirable singing of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose songs on this occasion were the cavatina "Du pauvre seul ami fidèle," from Auber's "Masaniello;" Wolfrab's romance, "O! du mein holder Abendstern," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" and Blumenthal's "The Message." In the very opposite styles of Auber's exquisitely tranquil and graceful slumber song, and Wagner's ultra-romantic *lied*, Mr. Sims Reeves again displayed those high and varied powers which have gained and maintained for him the undisputed position of the first of English tenors. No greater antithesis could be found in music than the genial spontaneous melody of Auber, and the strained and rugged crudeness of Wagner, whose song from the "Tannhäuser" is, in its best phases, a tortured imitation of Schubert, not without a certain declamatory effect, which, however, is chiefly dependent on its stage situation. The subdued and almost whispered tenderness of the song which Masaniello breathes over his sleeping sister, and the heroic inflation of Wagner's song, were admirably realized by Mr. Reeves, who was at once encored in the former, and very nearly so in the latter. Mr. Blumenthal's drawing-room song and Mr. Reeves's performance of it are too well known to need comment. The quartets on Monday were Schubert's romantic and dreamy Op. 29 in A minor, and Haydn's clear and bright No. 3 of Op. 33 in C major—each an admirable specimen in very dissimilar styles. Herr Straus, who is still the leading violinist here, introduced four movements by Francesco Veracini, one of those great violinists who, at the beginning of the last century, raised the Italian style of violin-playing to a degree of excellence almost comparable to that contemporaneously attained in organ-playing in Germany by the school of Bach. The "Minuetto," "Gavotta," "Cantabile," and "Giga," played by Herr Straus, possess a combination of antique vigour and a grace that never becomes obsolete, such as characterizes the productions only of a master. The pieces themselves, and Herr Straus's capital performance of them, pleased greatly and generally. Madame Arabella Goddard, who was to have been the pianist, was replaced, in consequence of illness, by Herr Pauer, who performed, at short notice, the pieces previously announced—Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale" and (with Signor Piatti) Mendelssohn's duo in B flat for piano and violoncello—in both instances with that mechanical power and earnest style for which this excellent artist has long been eminent.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## SPIRITUAL WIVES.\*

MR. DIXON, in his new work, follows up in some measure a line indicated by him in his book on "New America." The strange vagaries of certain people in Prussia condensing into a religious movement, a similar revival exhibiting itself across the Atlantic, and a record of the principles and practice of our own domestic Agapemone, form the staple of his materials. A lithe and sinewy style, and a picturesque knowledge of the most attractive literary forms, enable him to make his subject at once interesting and instructive. At the same time, we are inclined to think that he has been led, by the desire not to preach, into some errors of reserve. We cannot find in his account of the "Spiritual Wives" and their partners, a distinct individual opinion as to their real characters. This is a defect. The abnormal condition of society, which those wretched creatures construct for themselves, has a significant moral, which ought to be enforced in terms. When we pass from one phase of the movement to another, we are struck with the prominence of the motive cause which projects it in every instance. The rubbish about seraphism, revelations, and all the rest of it, cannot be seriously entertained as representing the vital power of those so-called creeds. Whatever be the system, it invariably tends to libertinism, and we cannot hesitate a moment in saying that the inventors of "spiritual wives" were simply men of the worst passions and impulses, who, for their evident purposes, trapped as many women as they could under the guise of a religious faith. That those fellows were and are both pests and hypocrites, Mr. Dixon ought to have stated. The shallow pretences under which they endeavour to hide their real ends, should be torn away without respect or consideration. Mr. Dixon took the trouble of talking to Prince, as if he really thought the impostor had faith in the farrago of blasphemous nonsense which he preached to his associates. He refers to American polygamists or free-lovers with a very graceful and decorous pen, keeping back, however, the swinging condemnation which he ought to have dealt to those scoundrels. However, we cannot remain quarrelling with an author who at least is never tiresome. Perhaps the art of the design lies in this very reticence, which permits the reader to draw his own conclusions and form his own impressions. The work is, indeed, sadly suggestive. In our boasted century of progress, we find men and women ready to herd together, with no more regard for decency than cattle. One is almost inclined to ask is morality a real thing, a living principle, when it can be flung aside with so easy and so complete an indifference? We do not imagine it is worth while for a philosopher to lose time in looking for occult reasons or historical reasons for "spiritual wife-ism." The combination of license with a satyr style of worship offers irresistible temptations to minds ripe and willing for depravity. "Spiritual wives" do not deserve either the pity or compassion which might be bestowed on the fallen women of the streets. Their directors deserve a horsewhip or a duck-pond, but certainly we should not argue with them. There is a point at which society must come forward to rescue itself, even at the hazard of appearing to violate the principles of liberty to the subject. When seduction is exalted into a kind of sacred duty, that point is reached; and there was no portion of Mr. Dixon's interesting volumes which gave us a more sincere pleasure than where we read of the saints being tarred and feathered for their convictions on the necessity of being adulterers. This was not bigotry on the part of the honest settlers—it was simply a human protest against a rascality which was in danger of tainting a whole country. The logic of tar and feathers is, of course, only to be resorted to in extreme cases; but we venture to say that those who read Mr. Dixon's work will consider that it was only too seldom employed towards gentlemen like Father Noyes or the Rev. Abram T. Smith.

Mr. Dixon's account of his visit to the Abode of Love, one of the institutions of our own enlightened country, promoted by a former minister of the Church, is highly interesting. A great charm in his book lies in the manner in which his tact and good taste enable him to move freely around topics which a less trained writer would almost inevitably soil himself in touching. There is not a coarse line or a coarse thought throughout the two volumes. The tone of the composition is refined and pure to an almost finical degree. Here is a well-painted landscape picture:—

"Pall up the horses on the brow of this hill. The scene is beautiful

\* *Spiritual Wives.* By William Hepworth Dixon. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

with all the beauty of our western land. In front springs a dome of cornfield, crowned with the picturesque nave and tower of Charlinch Church. At the base of this hillock flows the soft-wooded valley towards Over Stowy, a place renowned in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. In the distance, near enough for every glade and park to stand out freshly, run the Quantock Hills. A spire, a hall, a castle, marks the site of some story famous in our early annals. But what, in this valley at our feet, in the winding lane on our left, is that fanciful and striking group of buildings; a church to which the spire has not yet been built; a garden, cooled by shrubs and trees; a greenhouse thronged with plants; an ample sward of grass, cut through by winding walks; a row of picturesque cottages in the road, a second row in the garden; high gates by the church; a tangle of buildings in the front and rear; farms, granaries, stables, all of them crimson with creeping autumnal plants? That group of buildings is the Agapemone; the home of our male and female saints."

Mr. Dixon subsequently visits the church in this Abode, in which he finds a billiard-table. The names of the dignitaries of the church are almost as sounding and ridiculous as those of Usher of the Black Rod and Gold Stick in Waiting. We have the Two Anointed Ones, who declare the Man, whose name is the Branch, and the Seven Angels who sound the seven trumpets. The head of this strange community, Prince, is described as sensuous and effeminate-looking. Mr. Dixon questioned him pretty closely on his mode of thinking and the nature of his profession, and was treated to a tissue of nonsense, silly, irreverent, and mischievous. Prince believes all the world will be lost except those sixty fools locked up in the Agapemone. His disciples and their "spiritual wives" live in the strictest chastity. He does not expect to die. "Though he should see that valley choking with ten thousand corpses, the sight would not convince him that he should one day have to die." The ravings of a lunatic were not more incoherent and inconsequential than the expositions of Brother Prince. The biography which ensues tells us the personal history of the fellow who at one time of his life was certainly not a fool. As might be expected, old women were his earliest captives; and he built his conventicle with the money of some enthusiastic spinsters who were captivated with his silken voice and agreeable doctrines.

We recommend to thoughtful persons the perusal of these volumes as containing many pregnant reflections on the history of the movements which they chronicle. But Mr. Dixon cannot idealize this worse than paganism. It should be stamped out. We should not persecute the wretches into martyrdom or notoriety, but they might be laughed out of their folly, and so despised for their wickedness as to be compelled to abandon it. There is no excuse at this age for riot and havoc in morals. People may believe what they like, but we must compel them to exist without scandal. We are a wonderfully patient and tolerant people, but "spiritual wives" are institutions for which we are as yet scarcely prepared. The Agapemone only consists of sixty people; the Mormons are not very successful in procuring converts at Kennington. A nation would sicken and decay intellectually and physically if this abominable superstition of "spiritual wives" gained headway and favour in it. Better a thousand times a barren and a hopeless disbelief than a fevered glorifying of sensuality. Even Mr. Dixon cannot cover swine-troughs with rose-leaves.

## THE TREATY-PORTS OF CHINA AND JAPAN.\*

THIS work is, as the preface states, the first attempt to embody in a comprehensive and accessible form the various important particulars scattered over the many books on China and Japan. The maps are entirely original, and, with the setting up of the type, are the work of Chinese compositors. "The difficulties," say the authors, "to be overcome in editing this work have consequently been much greater than would have been the case had European workmen been employed, and for imperfections in this respect allowance must be solicited." The authors have nothing to apologize for. The work would do credit to English craftsmen.

The book is too voluminous to permit us to enter into a detailed description of its contents. We must, therefore, content ourselves with indicating its more prominent features. It is divided into a number of parts, each of which contains an account of some important Chinese or Japanese city or town, its early history, its situation, size, &c. These descriptions are philologically interesting, from the introduction of many Chinese words, printed in the original. Of their accuracy we are not competent judges. The volume opens with an account of Hongkong. In the Mandarin language, the island of Hongkong, or Hiang-

\* The Treaty-Ports of China and Japan. By Wm. F. Mayers, F.R.G.S., N. B. Dennys, and Chas. King, R.M.A. London: Trübner & Co.; Hongkong: A. Shortrede & Co.

kiang, means "fragrant stream," a name derived from one of the small streams on the south side of the island. During the period of the Ming dynasty it was owned by a respectable family of the name of Jang. They abandoned it when the Emperor Kanghi ordered the coast to be cleared of its inhabitants; but on the revocation of the decree, possession was again resumed, and title-deeds granted to substantiate the claims of the Jang family. At an early period in the history of the East India Company, Hongkong was celebrated as affording a safe and commodious anchorage for shipping. In the year 1837 it was made the resort of the whole season's shipping, and two years after, "when the Chinese were fulminating edicts against us, the whole of the ships engaged in the China trade were gathered at Hongkong." After many hostilities between the English and Chinese Governments, the island was ceded to Great Britain, with the reservation of certain rights to the Government of China; but, in 1842, by the treaty signed at Nankin, it was declared fully ceded to the British Crown. But in thus ceding it, our authors remark, "No provision seems to have been made by the Chinese Government for the original proprietors of the soil, who made suit to the British Government, humbly praying for remuneration. It was said that some eight or ten thousand dollars were paid for certain fields in Wong-nei-chong and Su-Kose-pu—not to the members of the Jang family, however, but to the persons occupying the soil, and claiming to be its true and rightful owners. Whether they were so or not does not appear."

In 1843, Hongkong was created a colony by an Order in Council dated the 5th of April. Previous to this it had been governed by the Minister Plenipotentiary. The capture of Canton in 1857, however, put an end to the system pursued by the Chinese Government, and from that year dates the installation of the British Legation at Peking. After this concise historical summary our authors give us a graphic description of the scenery of Hongkong, a sample of which we subjoin, as we have no doubt it will greatly interest our readers:—

"Hongkong consists mainly of a chain of hills, here and there rising to peaks of greater or less altitude. These peaks are intersected by deep, narrow ravines of irregular outline, in which there are excellent streams of never-failing water. The coast is indented by several deep inlets, more especially on the south coast, as will be seen by reference to the map. In some parts of the island the headlands slope down to a broad sandy beach; in other parts they terminate in precipitous cliffs. The area is estimated at about twenty-nine square miles, though the small amount of level surface included in this measurement renders many portions of the island almost practically uninhabitable. Basaltic trap, mica-schist, and granite (syenite) are the prevailing rocks: limestone is entirely wanting. . . . The general appearance of the island on approaching it from the sea is somewhat like that of an overgrown Gibraltar, presenting no feature of particular interest; but on rounding the western side of the island, a view remarkable for its beauty bursts upon the sight of the traveller. Rising in lofty terraces one above another are seen the houses of the city, and towering above them all, like an overshadowing giant, rises the lofty 'Peak.' On a clear summer's morning, the panorama thus presented to the eye may fairly be compared to many famed for picturesqueness in western lands. The clean white buildings, dazzling in the sun, stand out in bold relief from the tawny green of the mountain's side, whilst far away on either side stretches a line of buildings backed by hills of lesser elevation."

In the harbour are to be found congregated all manner of craft: the Yankee clipper, the clumsy junk, the English gig, the native sampan, "the P. and O." steamer, and the American river-boat, with its tiers of cabins, and its massive-looking engine-beam, each and all in countless variety are scattered over the surface of the water, whilst Chinese "fast-boats," presenting to English eyes the queerest combination of ugliness and speed they have ever beheld, are crossing, leaving and entering the harbour. At the period of Hongkong being ceded to the English, the amount of land under cultivation was about 250 acres, and valued at some \$52,000 or so. The town itself was a hamlet containing 200 inhabitants. The census for 1865 gave a return of 125,504. The cemetery and the race-course are very close together, and "much discussion," according to our authors, "has arisen on what is termed the unseemly proximity of the one to the other. The matter will doubtless before long be taken into consideration by the authorities." There are two English, one German, and two Portuguese clubs. There are also two masonic lodges. There are two daily papers—the *Evening Mail* and the *Daily Press*; three weekly, two fortnightly, and one monthly magazines. From these facts it will be seen that the society of Hongkong knows how to take care of itself. We have several pages devoted to a valuable account of the various peoples that unite in the population of the town. Hotels, rents, taxes, servants, markets, &c., are all copiously treated, and a long list of the prices of food is given, each article being placed opposite its synonym in

Chinese characters. After much more useful information, this truly admirable and accurate account concludes with a recapitulation of the latest important events that have happened in the town.

The commendation we bestow upon the portion of the work devoted to the description of Hongkong is equally due to ensuing accounts of other important places. By this book we are instructed in such a knowledge of China as certainly no other work that we know of affords. It is all the more valuable because it embodies the observations of men who prove themselves in every way competent to the task they have undertaken, not only by the accuracy of their descriptions, but by the additional fact of their being residents in the country which they so graphically portray. Anybody proposing a visit to China and Japan, by reading this book will find himself possessed of an amount of information which must prove of the utmost importance to him in his travels through these countries. The best thanks of a large community in this country are due to the authors for the interesting and admirable results of their labours.

#### LORD DERBY'S ILIAD.\*

LORD DERBY's Homer has reached a sixth edition. It is pleasant to be able to think that its popularity is not created by the public position of its noble author, but is due to its own scholarly merits. How far a coronet or a premiership would float a heavy book of travels, or animate the sale of a vapid volume of original verse, we should not like to say, though Dean Swift had some shrewd views on the subject when he wrote his celebrated "Song by a Person of Quality." But our honest belief is that not even the name of royalty itself could drag through six editions a bad translation. And beyond all things a bad translation of Homer would be like Peter Bell's dulness—

"Dull—beyond all conception—dull!"

So we are pleased to see the two neat hand-volumes, which contain in a cheap and accessible shape what we may call the best English representation of the "Iliad" for the general public, without again opening up the battle of the bards, and the rival claims of different translators. Lord Derby is true to his word, and has evidently revised his earlier editions with some care—we may even note with satisfaction that the few criticisms offered nearly four years ago in the LONDON REVIEW have not been neglected. If we still find some lingering imperfections, and blemishes, which the author candidly acknowledges to be very possible, we accept his claim on our indulgence, and will not test the book by that pedantic criticism which some think ungenerous:—

"Velut si  
Egregio insperos reprehendas corpore navor."

A quotation from Horace reminds us that Lord Derby appends to his second volume a selection of some of his earlier efforts of translation; among them a number of the Odes of Horace. Lord Derby, while he always preserves the polish and something of the grace of the original, does not very honestly grapple with those Horatian difficulties which must have given eager translators a few sleepless nights. For instance, in Odes, III. 9, Horace represents himself as saying of his Chloe:—

"Pro qua non metuam mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstici."

But Lord Derby misses entirely the beauty of the latter line, and the intended antithesis between the two, by coldly rendering—

"For her my life were gladly paid,  
So Heaven would spare my Thracian maid."

So too, in the last stanza of the same ode, the translator does not venture upon a rendering of "tu levior cortice," but simply omits it. He gives us an attempt at Catullus's "Ode to Sirmio," with its line of celebrated difficulty,

"Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum,"

which Leigh Hunt (we think) had the boldness to translate—

"Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home!"

Lord Derby is not so audacious; he says:—

"This, this alone, o'erpays my every pain!  
Hail, loveliest Sirmio, hail! with joy like mine  
Receive thy happy lord! Thou liquid plain  
Of Laria's lake, in sparkling welcome shine!  
Put all your beauties forth! laugh out! be glad!  
In universal smiles this day must all be clad!"

\* The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse; to which are appended Translations of Poems, Ancient and Modern. By Edward Earl of Derby. Two vols. London: Murray.

We cannot help asking if *Laria* is a possible form of the classical name of the Lake of Como. On the whole, it seems that the Premier's muse moves better in the Pyrrhic dance of an *Iliad* than in the lightsome and elfish footing of Horatian and Catullian odes.

In his translation from the German, the metre he chooses is generally too heavy for the lightness of the original. It is avowedly hard to give a dissyllabic rhyme in English—where there are so few—to correspond to those in the German, where they are so plentiful. Still, where only a short specimen of translation is given, it is worth while to make the experiment. For instance, how full of movement is this stanza of Schiller's " Ideal" :—

" So willst Du treulos von mir scheiden,  
Mit deinen holden Phantasien,  
Mit deinen Schmerzen, deinen Freuden,  
Mit allen unerbittlich flehn?  
Kann nichts dich, Fliehende, verweilen,  
O meines Lebens gold'ne Zeit?  
Vergebens, deine Wellen eilen  
Hinab ins Meer der Ewigkeit."

But Lord Derby's version is too sedate and ponderous :—

" And wilt thou then desert me quite?  
With all thy glowing phantasy,  
With all thy pangs, thy keen delight,  
O, wilt thou thus, relentless, fly?  
Can nought persuade thee? nought delay,  
O golden time of youthful bliss?  
'Tis vain thy waves have forced their way  
To join the eternal Past's abyss."

We might ask whether "glowing phantasy" is an equivalent to "holden Phantasien," but, as a rule, the sense is well given, and we are concerned here with the metre.

If we remember right, Lord Lytton succeeded in retaining most of the double rhymes; and the attempt does not seem hopeless. It would run smoother even thus—

" So wilt thou break thy faith and leave me,  
With all thy tender phantasy,  
No more to glad, no more to grieve me,"

and so on. But this change between the German and English metre makes itself even more felt in the version of the "Knight of Toggenburg," where we think Lord Derby quite changes the character of the ballad by his lengthened lines.

#### IRISH AGITATORS.\*

MR. DAUNT is evidently a gentleman of the strongest political convictions, and he manifests the most determined disposition to force his opinions upon us. He is satisfied that nothing but repeal of the Union will do for Ireland. You may remove the land grievances, grant a yearly income to every Irishman who has a taste for being idle, and unless you restore the Parliament to College Green, you can never give satisfaction to Mr. Daunt's country. On his own showing we think his grievance is in a great measure of a sentimental character. His book is both interesting and valuable as a record of events which passed under his own observation, but the moral to be deduced from it is not the moral which we read. However, we shall not in this department of our paper discuss those many vexed and difficult questions which Mr. Daunt opens up, but refer to the glimpses of Irish character which he places before us with considerable literary skill and point.

Ireland, before the Union, appears to have been a rather uncomfortable place to reside in. The best friends frequently exchanged shots, and duelling was looked upon as one of the accomplishments of a gentleman. Hair triggers and favourite saw-handles were preserved in families as carefully as the traditions of the *banshee*; and as the custom of fighting became more and more popular, ingenious devices were invented for imparting an air of novelty to the engagements. Besides the virtues of duelling, to which our Irish gentleman was addicted, there was added a thirst for claret. Good wine was easily smuggled into Ireland, and a taste for it was universal amongst the well-to-do classes. One of the most eccentric personages of whom Mr. Daunt gives an account in his amusing pages, was Bagenal of Dunleckny, commonly known as *King Bagenal* :—

"Of high Norman lineage, of manners elegant, fascinating, polished by extensive intercourse with the great world, of princely income and of boundless hospitality, Mr. Bagenal possessed all the qualities and attributes calculated to procure for him popularity with every class. A terrestrial paradise was Dunleckny for all lovers of good wine, good horses, good dogs, and good society. His stud was magnificent,

and he had a large number of capital hunters at the service of visitors who were not provided with steeds of their own. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to hunt, drink, and solve points of honour at twelve paces. His politics were popular; he was the mover of the grant of £50,000 to Grattan in 1782. He was at that time member for the county Carlow.

"Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of spirits congenial to his own. He had a tender affection for pistols; a brace of which implements, loaded, were often laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask; Bagenal's practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, whilst he kept the other pistol in *terrorem* for any of the convives who should fail in doing ample justice to the wine.

"Nothing could be more impressive than the bland, fatherly, affectionate air with which the old gentleman used to impart to his junior guests the results of his own experience, and the moral lessons which should regulate their conduct through life.

"In truth, my young friends, it behoves a youth entering the world to make a character for himself. Respect will only be accorded to character. A young man must show his proofs. I am not a quarrelsome person—I never was—I hate your mere duellist; but experience of the world tells me that there are knotty points of which the only solution is the saw-handle. Rest upon your pistols, my boys! Occasions will arise in which the use of them is absolutely indispensable to character. A man, I repeat, must show his proofs—in this world courage will never be taken upon trust. I protest to heaven, my dear young friends, that I advise you exactly as I should advise my own son."

"And, having thus discharged his conscience, he would look blandly round upon his guests with the most patriarchal air imaginable.

"His practice accorded with his precept. Some pigs, the property of a gentleman who had recently settled near Dunleckny, strayed into an inclosure of King Bagenal's, and rooted up a flower-knot. The incensed monarch ordered that the porcine trespassers should be shorn of their ears and tails; and he transmitted the severed appendages to the owner of the swine, with an intimation that he, too, deserved to have his ears docked; and that only he had not got a tail, he (King Bagenal) would sever the caudal member from his dorsal extremity. 'Now,' quoth Bagenal, 'if he's a gentleman, he must burn powder after such a message as that.' Nor was he disappointed. A challenge was given by the owner of the pigs; Bagenal accepted it with alacrity, only stipulating that, as he was old and feeble, being then in his seventy-ninth year, he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that, as his infirmities prevented early rising, the meeting should take place in the afternoon. 'Time was,' said the old man with a sigh, 'that I would have risen before daybreak to fight at sunrise—but we cannot do these things at seventy-eight. Well, heaven's will be done!'

"They fought at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he escaped unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, we may presume, as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

"The traditions of Dunleckny allege that when Bagenal, in the course of his tour through Europe, visited the petty Court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte, who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George III.

"Such was the lord of Dunleckny, and such was many an Irish squire of the day. Recklessness characterized the time. And yet there was a polished courtesy, a high-bred grace in the manners of men who imagined that to shoot, or to be shot at on 'the sod,' was an indispensable ingredient in the character of a gentleman. Look at Bagenal, nearly fourscore, seated at the head of his table. You observe the refined urbanity of his manner, and the dignified air which is enhanced, not impaired, by the weight of years. You perceive that the patriarchal Mentor, whose milk-white tresses evidence his venerable age, is mildly and courteously pouring forth his lore for the edification of his audience. You draw near to participate in the instructions of the ancient moralist. What a shock—half ludicrous, half horrible—to find that he inculcates the necessity of practice with the hair-triggers as the grand primary virtue which forms the gentleman!"

Bully Egan, we learn, fought no less than fourteen duels at an election for the county Cork. We are told that the electioneer agent charged "fighting price" in his expenses; if his principal did not come up to this mark, the attorney only charged him "talking price." A capital story is told by Mr. Daunt of one of the Lords of Muskerry. This nobleman sold pews which belonged to other people, and laughed when being charged with his dishonesty. On his deathbed a clergyman remonstrated with him on his sinful life, and urged him to repent. "Repent?" echoed the dying sinner; "I don't see what I have got to repent of. I don't remember that I ever denied myself anything." We get an account of Nicholas Rigby in Disraeli's novel of "Coningsby," whose father held a small Government office in Dublin. The original, who afforded material for Mr. Disraeli's book, had the same name in fact as in fiction. He was a clever young fellow, and wrote pungent verses on local topics. He was put up by a friend to contest the borough of Downpatrick, merely, however, to prevent the other candidate from running ahead while the intended member was detained from the poll by an accident. Rigby got three votes polled for him, and then surrendered his place to the

\* Ireland and her Agitators. By W. J. O'N. Daunt. London: Longmans.

delayed aspirant for Parliament. This gentleman and his opponent were both unseated for bribery, and Mr. Rigby claimed the place. The public were astonished, but Rigby stood to his good luck, and had the impudence to say that in justice to his constituents it would be impossible for him to resign.

Perhaps the most entertaining chapter in Mr. Daunt's work is his record of the famous demagogue O'Connor—Feargus O'Connor, the lineal descendant of Irish kings. The outrageous impudence and perseverance of O'Connor enabled him to obtain an astonishing amount of power and weight. Here was one plan by which he gained the votes and affections of the female public:—

"One curious mode of extending his influence was by having the infant children of his followers christened by his name. A string of such baptisms was for a long time to be found in each successive Star—as, for example, 'On Monday, the 8th instant, the wife of Ichabod Jenkins, nailer, was delivered of a fine thriving boy, who was christened Feargus O'Connor Ichabod'; and so on for the best part of a column. Girls were also often christened after Feargus. A whole population of Feargus O'Connors, male and female, seemed rapidly springing up; and the lists of these baptisms were usually headed with the words, 'More Young Patriots.'"

Mr. Daunt traces the history of the various agitations which have been rife from time to time in Ireland with much distinctness and vigour. He is a partisan in the patriotic sense of the word, and seems to believe in poetry; both affections render it difficult for a writer to be judicial. We think he lays too much stress on the Union as the direct cause of the misfortunes of Ireland. Are we to ascribe none of these misfortunes to climatical effects, to the irrational fecundity of the people at one period, to the subsequent failure of their inadequate means of existence, and to the grave and permanent injury which such a crisis must have inflicted upon the national vitality? However, as we said before, we shall not categorically deal with Mr. Daunt's arguments here. We can honestly commend his book to those who differ from the writer in his convictions. The style is nervous and telling, the facts are well collated, and there is an abundance of humorous illustrative anecdotes, which the English reader will find serviceable in endeavouring to understand a people who would be fortunate if they always found interpreters as intelligible as Mr. Daunt.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.\*

So much has been accumulated for the illustration of Shakespeare by the commentators of the last hundred years and more, and especially during the last thirty or forty years by such writers as Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Knight, Staunton, Keightley, the "Cambridge" editors, and others, that one might suppose nothing further was left to be collected. Here, however, is a new book made up of Shakespearian annotations, the production of a gentleman who has given a great deal of time to the study of our chief dramatist, especially with reference to the law. Mr. Rushton is a corresponding member of the Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages, and the illustrations he now publishes are a selection from several which he has contributed since the year 1859 to that learned body, and which have been previously given to the world (in German, we presume) in the pages of the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*. The fault of most annotations is that they are overdone. They seek to establish plagiaries where there is probably nothing more than coincidence; they run analogies to death, and hunt the obscurest corners for the remotest ancestor of an idea, a figure, or an illustration. Yet it is unquestionable that, notwithstanding a good deal of exaggeration, they do a real service in the elucidation of old authors. We should not know half as much of Shakespeare as we now do, were it not for the labours of the commentators; and those labours have helped collaterally to bring once more into notice many excellent writers of the Elizabethan and succeeding age, whose works had long been buried in dust, or treated with ignorant depreciation. Mr. Rushton appears to us to have both the faults and the merits peculiar to commentators generally. We think he sometimes makes too much of his materials; but often the materials are valuable, and serve to place in clearer light the passages to which they are attached. Thus, in the first page of his book he quotes some lines from "All's Well that Ends Well," in which occurs the expression—

"A young man married, is a man that's marr'd."

\* Shakespeare Illustrated by Old Authors. By William Lowes Rushton, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Corresponding Member of the Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages; Author of "Shakespeare a Lawyer," "Shakespeare's Legal Maxima," "Shakespeare Illustrated by the Lex Scripta," &c. The First and Second Parts. London: Longmans & Co.

This punning figure, Mr. Rushton tells us, is called Atanaclasis, or the Rebound; and it is thus described by an old author named Puttenham, who wrote a work on "The Arte of English Poesie":—"Ye have another figure, which by his nature we may call the Rebound, alluding to the tennis-ball, which, being smitten with the racket, reboundes back again; and where the last figure before played with two words somewhat like, this playeth with one word written all alike, but carrying diversences, as thus:—

"The maide that soone married is, soone marrèd is."

Puttenham, however, considers this not a very good illustration, "because married and marrèd be different in one letter." He therefore gives as a better illustration some lines which he himself made "upon a country fellow who came to runne for the best game, and was by his occupation a dyer, and had very bigge swelling legges." These lines ran thus:—

"He is but course to run a course,  
Whose shankes are bigger than his thye,  
Yet is his lucke a little worse,  
That often dies before he dye."

Mr. Rushton cites some very good illustrations from this obscure, but amusing, author; and he likewise finds several noteworthy elucidations of passages in Shakespeare referring to falconry in "The Gentleman's Recreation," and others bearing on games of skill in "The Compleat Gamester, or Instructions how to play all Manner of Usual and most Gentile Games," &c. The following is, we think, a very happy commentary on the passage from "Much Ado about Nothing" which precedes Mr. Rushton's remarks:—

"Beat. By my troth, I am sick.  
"Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.  
"Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.  
"Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.  
"Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle."

*Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., sc. 4.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"To understand this passage in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' I think it will be necessary to suppose that Margaret, who knows that Beatrice loves Benedict, uses the Latin name of the holy-thistle, *Carduus Benedictus*, because it includes the sound and also the letters of the name 'Benedict.' Margaret plays upon the word *Benedictus*, and uses it, or at least a part of it, in a double sense, and Beatrice evidently suspects a double meaning, because she says, 'Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.'

"The blessed thistle, according to 'The Gardener's Labyrinth,' was considered to have 'singular virtue' against 'perilous diseases of the heart.' Beatrice was in love with Benedict; she had an affection of the heart, and Margaret, speaking of the blessed thistle, says to her, 'Lay it to your heart.'"

Shakespeare seems to have derived a good many hints from Holinshed's "Description of England." The annexed passage from that work aptly illustrates an allusion in the Second Part of "Henry IV." to the use of glasses as the only fitting or fashionable vessels for drinking out of:—

"It is a world to see in these our days, wherein gold and silver most aboundeth, how that our gentilitie, as loathing those mettals (because of the plentie), do now generallie choose rather the Venice glasses both for our wine and beere, than anie of those mettals or stone wherein before time we have beene accustomed to drinke, but such is the nature of man generallie, that he most coveteth things difficult to be attained; and such is the estimation of this stufte, that manie become rich onelie with their new trade unto Murana (a towne neere to Venice, situat on the Adriatike sea), from whence the verie best are dailie to be had, and such as for beautie do well neere match the christall, or the ancient Murrhina vasa, whereof now no man hath knowledge. And as this is seene in the gentilitie, so in the wealthie communalitie the like desire of glasse is not neglected, whereby the gaine gotten by their purchase is yet much more increased, to the benefit of the merchant. The poorest also will have glasse if they may, but sith the Venetian is somewhat too deere for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home of ferme and burned stone, but in fine all go one wae, that is to shards at last, so that our great expenses in glasses (beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them) are worst of all bestowed in mine opinion, because their peeces do turn to no profit."

Mr. Rushton not unnaturally directs a good deal of his attention to the frequent use by Shakespeare of legal figures, and he shows the origin of many of these, and their exact significance. His own studies as a lawyer have helped him in this branch of the subject, and the passages he quotes confirm what has often been observed, that Shakespeare was remarkably well versed in the technicalities of the law. In illustration of two communisticall passages—the one in "The Tempest," the other in the Second Part of "Henry VI."—Mr. Rushton quotes a long dialogue from Aristophanes; but he forgets to mention the democratical giant in the Fifth Book of Spenser's

"Faery Queene," whose projects of reform would satisfy the most extreme of French "reds." Sometimes, as we have already intimated, our author goes farther than we can readily accompany him. Having, in two of Shakespeare's plays, found the words "cudgel" and "mass" (the Catholic religious ceremony) used in close proximity, he thinks that the poet meant to play on the two words, because "cudgel" is "derived from the Welsh *cogel*, from *côg*, a *mass*, lump, or short piece of wood"—a fact which we greatly doubt if Shakespeare knew. Nor can we agree that "to the *manner* born," in "Hamlet," meant *manor*, or included that sense in a punning fashion; and when Mr. Rushton shows us that both Aristotle and Shakespeare have made the remark that wrath puts an end to pity, and that Euripides and Shakespeare agree in stating that old men are fond of speaking of what they would have done had they not been old, we are inclined to think that he is wasting his trouble on an obvious matter. Nevertheless, his book is a good addition to our stock of Shakespeare glosses, and we thank him for the results of his labour and research.

## JUNIUS.\*

WE agree with Mr. Hayward that the value of this controversy lies in the fact that it gives occasion for research and ingenuity. More has come of it than the absolute truth, if it ever is found, would be worth. Nowadays, literature has become so current, and occupies itself so closely with immediate and direct interests, that it is positively a relief to come across a book devoted to questions intimately associated with a time which must continue to influence modern thought. We ought to rejoice that the mystery of "Junius" has never been solved. When we reviewed the interesting memoir of "Sir Philip Francis," we noted at the time that we considered the evidence offered there as insufficient to establish the Franciscan theory. Mr. Hayward makes a vigorous onslaught upon the opinions held by Macaulay and Messrs. Parkes and Merivale. He proceeds quietly and resolutely to demolish the case of his opponents, taking them on their own grounds and upon their own showing. One of his main points is that the personal character and habits of Francis were inconsistent with the belief in his being the famous letter-writer. Here we believe Mr. Hayward is strongly substantiated by the recently-published "Memoirs." Francis was not at all a man of constantly studious methods. He drank freely enough, and indulged in an amount of dissipation and license which would be now considered excessive. The different lines of demonstration which led towards Francis are carefully followed by Mr. Hayward, who insists that they go in various directions and lead us astray:—

"It cannot have failed to strike every one who has attentively followed the controversy, that evidence is weighed in different scales when it shakes instead of strengthening the hypothesis. A genuine Franciscan is eternally straining at gnats or swallowing camels: 'craning' at low fences or dashing wildly at stone walls or through quickset edges with his eyes shut. When a letter contains anything which Francis is not likely to have written, or something at utter variance with his position, circumstances, or personality, the invariable answer is that it was inserted as a blind. Junius intimates that he attended the debates in the House of Lords on one or two remarkable occasions. So did Francis; so did Boyd (another candidate); so probably did many others. But Junius also states that he remembered the great Walpolean battles, the last of which was fought before Francis was breeched. Junius appeals to his 'long experience,' and in a private letter to Wilkes, who offers a ticket for the Lord Mayor's ball and his daughter for a partner, writes simply and good-humouredly:—'Many thanks for your obliging offer; but, alas, my age and figure would do but little credit to my partner. I acknowledge the relation between Cato and Portia; but in truth I see no connection between Junius and a minut.'"

With regard to the evidence of handwriting, Mr. Hayward says that he showed specimens of the handwriting of both Junius and Francis to thirty persons, and they all agreed that there was no identity. In the specimen contained in the "Memoirs," there certainly was not the slightest resemblance. Experts, of course, will see a likeness—they always see what they are wanted to discover; but non-professional observers will be convinced that here at least the Franciscans have little authority for their assertions. It appears that the celebrated letter to the King was in a different hand from the rest. It was like that "which well-educated ladies wrote about the beginning of the century, a large open hand, regular, approaching the Italian." Wilkes had a note of invitation from old Lady Temple, the writing in which it was thought resembled that of "Junius." In reference to style Mr. Hayward denies

that the Franciscans can support their so-called discovery. He remarks pregnantly that it is strange that the alleged coincidence never struck any one until 1813. Mr. Hayward holds that the parallel extracts only show that Francis read, but did not write Junius. When reading the memoirs nothing struck us more forcibly than the absence of any marked or consecutive resemblance in the admitted compositions of Francis, and in the letters ascribed to him. The speech made by Sir Phillip on the commercial treaty with France in 1787 is quoted by Mr. Merivale as exhibiting the "epigrammatic generalizations" of "Junius." Mr. Hayward says it sounds "like a series of commonplaces pretentiously and clumsily expressed." It is a strong point against Mr. Merivale that he produces absolutely nothing which on the face of it can be compared with the writings of Junius. Nor does it relieve him to assert that a man cannot always repeat his successes. He can at least approach them sufficiently to prove his leap. Our readers who take up Mr. Hayward's pamphlet will perceive that he finds this rift in the armour of his adversaries, and pushes home his rapier. It is his belief that Francis' second wife was intended by her husband to imply to the world that he was the famous satirist. Francis's conduct was in accordance with this idea. He managed, by a mixture of hints, allusions, and simulated indignation, to gain the mysterious importance, the 'quod monstrer digito præterantum' which he sought." We are disappointed, however, that Mr. Hayward does not present us with some theory of his own. His zeal is entirely iconoclastic. He would, we have no doubt, weave a very ingenious theory, and would afford good sport to his critics in the way of analysis. We suppose that he has arrived at the conviction that all he knows is that he knows nothing. This is in some respects an unsatisfactory frame of mind, although preferable to an indolent acquiescence in the rhetorical dogmatism of Macaulay. He concludes by quoting from "Othello," putting into the mouth of the ghost of "Junius" an uncharitable belief that Francis was in the burning pit. "Junius" would have no need to borrow severe expressions even from Shakespeare.

## BYEWAYS IN PALESTINE.\*

MR. FINN has had seventeen years' experience of the Holy Land, having been our consul for Jerusalem and Palestine from 1846 to 1863. In those days there was no Palestine Exploration Fund at work laying bare the relics of past ages in one of the most historical of regions. The consul, however, had a taste for antiquities, and probably found his official duties not altogether absorbing. He therefore devoted his leisure to an examination of the soil, and of such ruins of ancient buildings as still remain above ground. In the present work he has omitted the journeys which he made on beaten roads and through the principal towns, because what he there saw is comparatively well known to the public. The byways and unfrequented nooks have alone been described, and these are treated in a popular rather than a technical style. Not being a professed investigator, Mr. Finn carried with him no scientific instruments beyond a common thermometer. He had no leisure for making excavations, for taking angles with a theodolite, or for carrying on any other exact process. Nevertheless, he was able to observe and note down a good deal, and his work possesses considerable interest for all who desire a better acquaintance with the Palestine of earlier times. Mr. Finn penetrated to many little-known places, and mixed freely with the native population. He rode about at all seasons of the year, by day and by night, enjoying the pure climate, which is always delicious, though varying from piercing cold in winter to burning heat in summer; "holding intercourse with peasants in villages, with Bedaween in deserts, and with Turkish governors in towns, or dignified Druses in the Lebanon;" or sleeping "in native dwellings of all qualities, as well as in convents of different sects—in the open air at the foot of a tree, or in a village mosque—in a cavern by the highway side, or beneath cliffs near the Dead Sea—although more commonly within his own tent, accompanied by native servants with a small canteen." What he saw of the country gave him the highest idea of its natural fertility and beauty. The cultivation of the soil is indeed neglected, and places with great historical names now only exist in a state of desolation; but the capabilities of the land are immense. In the south, vast wheat-plains extend before the traveller; in the north, chains of green hills spread towards the horizon, presenting scenes of

\* More about Junius. The Franciscan Theory Unsound. Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, with Additions. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. London: Longmans.

\* Byeways in Palestine. By James Finn, M.R.A.S., and Member of the Asiatic Society of France, late her Majesty's Consul for Jerusalem and Palestine. London: James Nisbet & Co.

great picturesqueness. The government of the country is as bad as it can be; but, says Mr. Finn, "I have seen enough to convince me that astonishing will be the amount of its produce, and the rapidity also, when the obstacles now existing are removed." Mr. Finn describes the Christian villages in Palestine as being generally much neater and better kept than the Mohammedan—which does not accord with other accounts we have read; and upon the whole he speaks well of the Asiatic Christians. He confesses that they are ignorant; but, scattered as they are among an overwhelming majority of Moslems, this could hardly be otherwise. Having very little opportunity of fellowship with their co-religionists, they can never join in public worship, "excepting when they carry their infants a long journey for baptism, or when the men repair occasionally to the town of Nablus or Nazareth for trading business, or, it may be, when, rarely, an itinerant priest pays them a visit." These people, we are told, mingle some superstitions with their worship; but for the most part they are anti-Papal. "They have no Vicar of Christ, no transubstantiation, no immaculate conception, no involuntary confession, and no hindrance to a free use of the Bible among the laity." Speaking of some Christians whom he met with at a village, Mr. Finn says:—

"In our conversation, before resuming the journey, I mentioned the numerous villages that were to be found about that neighbourhood, utterly broken up, but where the gardens of fig, vine, and olive trees still are growing around the ruins. The people pointed out to me the direction of other such, that were out of sight from our tents; and the Jew quoted a familiar proverb of the country relating to that subject; also the Moslem shaikh, with his son, joined also in reciting it:—

'The children of Israel built up;  
The Christians kept up;  
The Moslems have destroyed.'

In saying this, however, by the second line they refer to the crusading period; and by the last line they denote the bad government of the Turks, under which the wild Bedaween are encroaching upon civilization, and devastating the recompense of honest industry from the fertile soil."

In the town of Es-Salt—

"Some of us walked about and visited the two Christian churches; they are both named 'St. George,' and are very poor in furniture. Of course they have over the door the universal picture in these countries of St. George on his prancing gray horse. This obtains for them some respect from the Mohammedans, who also revere that martial and religious hero. Inside the churches we found some pictures with Russian writing upon the frames; the people informed us that these were presents from the Emperor Nicholas, which is worthy of notice.

"The ignorance of the priests here is proverbial all over Palestine. I have heard it told of them as a common practice, that they recite the Lord's Prayer and the *Fathah*, or opening chapter of the Koran, alternately, on the ground that these are both very sublime and beautiful; and it is said that they baptize in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the Virgin Mary. There is reason to believe them very grossly ignorant; but it may be that some of these reports about them emanate from the Roman Catholic authorities in Jerusalem, who never hesitate at propagating slanders to the detriment of non-Romanists."

Mr. Finn's description of the ruins at Jerash may be quoted as a good specimen of the kind of writing which is to be found in his book:—

"After some rest, I proceeded to stroll about,—first of all to the great Temple of the Sun, on a rising ground to the west of the great colonnade, which, besides the columns along all the sides of the edifice, has a conspicuous portico in front, consisting of twelve magnificent Corinthian columns, a few of which are fallen. Thence I walked to the Naumachia, near the southern extremity of the city (that by which we had arrived), and found this in good condition, with the seats remaining, and the channel well defined which conveyed water for the exhibitions from the above-mentioned spring. The form is a long oval, flattened at one end.

"In passing once more between the double line of Corinthian columns, I counted fifty-five of them standing, besides fragments and capitals of the missing ones lying on the ground.

"From this I diverged at right angles, through a street of small public buildings, towards the bridge over the stream (and this I called Bridge-street—part of the pavement still remains, consisting of long slabs laid across the whole width from house to house); then upon the bridge, as far as its broken condition would allow, and returned to my home—everywhere among scattered fragments of entablature; numerous altars entire, and sculptured with garlands; also broken buildings, with niches embellished inside with sculptured ornament. In all my exploration, however, I found no statues or fragments of statues—the Mohammedan iconoclasts had long ago destroyed all these; but there were some remains of inscriptions, much defaced or worn away by the work of time.

"The natural agencies by which the edifices have come to ruin seem to be—first, earthquakes; then the growth of weeds, thorns, and even trees, between the courses of stone, after the population ceased; or rain and snow detaching small pieces, which were followed by larger; also sometimes a sinking of the ground; and besides these common causes of decay, there comes the great destroyer—man."

Our author gives a minute account of the several ruins he examined; but it would be impossible to summarize such a mass of details. The book is rather monotonous, and this defect is not improved by the writer's occasional outbursts of religious sentimentalism; but the narrative is valuable from an antiquarian point of view, and for this reason it will doubtless be read.

#### PROFESSOR D'ARCY THOMPSON'S SALES ATTICI.\*

If King Solomon spoke three thousand proverbs, Professor D'Arcy Thompson has collected from the Greek Tragedians nine hundred proverbs and sentiments; and he has still farther carried out the Jewish King's idea of the duty of the man of understanding, viz., "To understand a proverb and the interpretation; the words of the wise and their dark sayings;" for he is interpreter as well as collector. He lays *Æschylus*, Sophocles, and Euripides under manifold tribute, and he changes the Greek coin into good English currency; sometimes in the shape of a translation, sometimes of a paraphrase or ingenious parallel—grave and gay, serious and sportive. With a true reverence for his Attic masters, as well as with a genuine sense of humour and not a little wit, Professor Thompson has had every chance of producing a very pleasing volume—and consequently it is very pleasing.

Full of surprises, full of flashes of true scholarship, of quaint oddities and not unpleasing pedantries, the book is also provocative of thought as it strikes here and there notes that have their response among the most solemn mysteries and revelations among things human and divine. Small enough for a pocket companion, we would willingly burden ourselves with the little book for a ramble into summer woods, or a bask on the cliffs, nor would it be unwelcome on the chair at the bedside to those bachelor students whose furniture is insured, and who enjoy the surreptitious half-hour before the candle is blown out.

As it is a book not to be read through at any one time, so can it not be analyzed, nor indeed reviewed, except in this way of recording our general impression of it. It may amuse our readers to find in *Æschylus* an equivalent for

"Golden girls and boys all must,  
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

To see how Sophocles (if the tables were reversed) would have translated "The fool drowned himself to cure the toothache," or "Brevity is the soul of wit;" or to have in a true Euripidean gnomic monostich—"A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush." Well, they will find these and hundreds of other proverbs and pearls of severer wisdom dished up for them, with scraps of poetry and fragments of prose, and sometimes some rather near approaches to the Tupperian monotone, of which danger we hope our genial friend will beware, as also of a little temptation to think all that is queer is brilliant. With this word of caution, we beg to recommend "Sales Attici" as the pleasant book of a pleasant writer, who "bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old."

#### SOONER OR LATER.†

It is not often that we meet with a novel of which we can truly say that the plot is highly ingenious, the style is singularly brilliant, and the tone is thoroughly good, but these merits are united in the case of the book now before us. Mr. Shirley Brooks is a very pleasant artist, and with this latest work of his it is indeed a pleasure to become acquainted. He knows well how to avail himself, in composing his pictures, of the dark hues offered by vice and crime, and he has a keen eye for the effect produced by a judiciously shrouded mystery; but he also has the gift of painting in bright and cheerful colours, and of setting off against his gloomy backgrounds figures that are radiant with the light which beams from purity and innocence. He hits off capitally, by a few touches, the scowl of a malignant fiend, the tarnished beauty of a mutinous seraph; but he excels also in depicting the smile which dimples the cheek of a cherub of the nursery, or the charm which renders eloquent the eyes of an angel in her teens. He can create a villain without making him either an idol or a scarecrow; and he can represent people as decorous without allowing them to become inane and uninteresting. And, consequently, his pictures not

\* Sales Attici; or, the Maxims Witty and Wise of Athenian Tragic Drama. Collected, Arranged, and Paraphrased by D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Galway. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

† Sooner or Later. By Shirley Brooks, Author of "The Silver Cord," "The Gordian Knot," &c. With Illustrations by G. Du Maurier. Two vols. London: Bradbury & Evans.

only arrest the attention for the moment, but they also linger long and pleasantly on the memory.

In "Sooner or Later" great stress is laid upon a moral with which Mr. Shirley Brooks has before now striven to make his readers familiar. It is one which cannot well be rendered too prominent, referring as it does to an abuse which is far too prevalent—to a temptation which too many minds find it impossible to resist. So many men who are fitted for better things, who might have happy homes about which no mystery need cling, who might enjoy in the open light of day the sight of a wife's frank smile, of children's laughing faces, allow themselves to be hampered by ties which necessitate reserve and concealment, and which, "sooner or later," bring on them untold uneasiness and often lasting remorse. So many a man, like the hero of the present story, enters unthinkingly upon a course of life which at first appears pleasant enough, but which ultimately leads him into troubles and annoyances from which he cannot extricate himself, without, at least, the risk of serious injury. Ernest Dormer, during a period of anger and discouragement, leaves the beaten track of conventional morality, and wanders away into the regions of unlicensed enjoyment. He leads a life which is thoroughly agreeable to himself, and which he would be content to see indefinitely prolonged. As a popular club-man and a successful journalist, he generally finds London a very tolerable dwelling-place; and when he is weary of its tumult, he has a hut in the country to retire to, where a fair spirit is always eager to minister to him, and two little models of childish grace hail him with filial affection. The world seems very good to his eyes, and the flavour of the fruit of life is very pleasant to his taste. But the time comes when he is called upon to alter his mode of living, and to take up a position more in keeping with the ideas prevalent in respectable society. So the hut is settled upon its fair occupant, who returns to her original avocation of forging birds' eggs—that is to say, of painting eggs which bear but a low market value into semblances of those which command a high price in ornithological circles; and her two little girls, known as Mopes and the Dormouse, are for ever deprived of the visible tokens of a father's affection. All seems arranged comfortably and finally; but after a time the usual results occur, and their successive complications in no slight degree endanger the happiness of Ernest Dormer's married life. Just as the wife, to whose charms he had at first surrendered himself with resignation, becomes very dear to him, a terrible whisper reaches his ears with regard to her fair fame, and while he is investigating the suspicions to which it gives rise, the story of his former ties comes home to her. By the cunning of an unscrupulous intriguer, a web of scandal is spun around her character, which her husband long tries in vain to clear away; and so ingeniously is the mystery contrived, which baffles his penetration, that the reader of the story is at a loss for its elucidation, and is therefore hurried on from chapter to chapter with unabated curiosity, till almost the final scene of the drama. And a special interest is lent to the whole series of events by the nature of the heroine whose fortunes they affect.

The whole Conway family is admirably depicted, but especially the daughter of the house, Magdalen, who marries Ernest Dormer. The portrait of Mr. Conway is excellent—the nervous, easily discouraged man of intellect, who has made it his rule "to vex himself with the contemplation of the possible failure of every scheme to which he had reason to wish success;" and so is that of his wife Mary, "a very womanly woman, with a kindly directness of purpose," and a cheerfulness and equanimity which enable her to act as a life-belt towards her husband whenever he is inclined to sink in the waters of despondency. But Magdalen's picture is really a charming one, both as regards her appearance and her character. Her smile, "which lighted up over the entire face in a moment, and disappeared with the occasion," is admirably represented, and so is her "even more charming little frown, which had nothing to do with temper, but rather expressed surprise and puzzled one for a second, until, like a discord in music, it should be delightfully resolved, and make way for the smile that was waiting at the lips." But it is in his analysis of her thoughts and feelings that Mr. Shirley Brooks makes his skill most clearly apparent. It is a very difficult task to describe, after exhausting the commonplaces usually devoted to the subject, a wife's love for her husband, but he has performed it with most delicate dexterity. Especially to be admired is the representation of the various phases through which that love passes, in Magdalen's case, from silent doubt to outspoken trust—from dutiful affection to passionate devotion. Very good also is the rendering of her purity of heart, her native dignity and candour, her guilelessness which dreads no guile, her freedom from all that is base or petty or mean, her sterling loyalty and truth. It is

impossible not to take an interest in her troubles, when the breath of scandal sullies her reputation for a time, and when she fears that her husband has been untrue to her, or to avoid rejoicing with her when the terrible secret is at length explained which the last breath of the man, about whose death so strange a mystery hung, confided to the ear of a merciless enemy. Equally good with the account of her feelings towards her husband, and the change a few months make in them, is that of his feelings towards her, and the manner in which the images of the woman and the children he used to love in former days fade out of his mind, as that of his true and noble wife gradually takes possession of it. There are many very dramatic scenes in the book—that, for instance, in which Dudley, the villain of the piece, whispers into Dormer's ear the terrible secret which he had gathered from a dying man's broken utterances; but there is none to exceed in merit that in which Dormer watches by his wife's bedside, while her senses are locked in a kind of trance, and gazes patiently on her expressionless face till he sees the old slight frown contract her brows, and then give way to the smile he knew and loved so well.

Interspersed among the romantic scenes of the story are a number of chapters descriptive of club life in London, or of the manners and customs of theatrical folk there, or of the doings of the inhabitants of a little country town, all of which fairly overflow with wit and humour. The conversations which are supposed to take place at the Octagon Club are so replete with jest and epigram and repartee, that they furnish the only possible argument against themselves. They are almost too brilliant to seem real. They differ from the actual talk which may be heard in such localities, and which is too often somewhat bald and disjointed, as a hedge in ordinary winter weather does from itself on a sunny day of hoar frost. The hedge is the same in both cases, but the frost has exercised on it a magic influence, and every twig shines and sparkles with a brilliance which is not its own. The conversations also which are carried on in the religious circles of the little town of Naybury are highly amusing, and so are the anecdotes related with respect to the sayings and doings of their various members. Mrs. Bulliman's experiences as a district visitor, for instance, are delightful, especially her reception by a certain reprobate of her acquaintance. Mrs. Bulliman, it must be understood, always addressed the poor by their Christian names, in order to remind them of their true position in society. This amiable habit "was usually either forgiven or tolerated; but she had been frightfully scandalized once, when a washerwoman, in an advanced stage of intoxication, had replied to the lady's—

"How are you, Sarah?"

"Well; and if you come to that, how are you, Maria?"

"The wretched woman had, with the treachery of her order, availed herself of the knowledge acquired through her professional acquaintance with Mrs. Bulliman's linen."

And the dispute between the two very Low Church ladies, Mrs. Mainwaring and Mrs. Cutcheon, is very amusing, with its climax, when Mrs. Cutcheon says:—

"You should be more careful of your tongue, dear. I know that you mean well, but you know what James says of your unruly member."

"James happened to be Mr. Cutcheon's Christian name, and it did not occur to the rebuked Mrs. Mainwaring that her friend was alluding to a much higher authority—an illustration of the occasional inconvenience caused by the Evangelical habit of omitting the reverent prefix.

"Mr. James Cutcheon will do well to mind his own business," said the incensed Mrs. Mainwaring, "I have read somewhere about those who cannot guide their own households, yet assume other duties."

"I alluded to the Apostle, Mrs. Mainwaring."

"Very well," said Mrs. Mainwaring, "then I shall be obliged by your abstaining from alluding to the Apostles in reference to me. Such things are quite uncalled for."

There are a number of minor characters in the book which are exceedingly humorous. There is Gracie Clare, the actress, with her lively nonsense, the repartees with which she favours her friends the burlesque-writers, and the droll speeches which she makes to her mother, the respectable greengroceress, Mrs. Nobbs; there is Serjeant Penguin, the great legal luminary, with his double gold eyeglass and his "large manner" of looking at everything; and there are Mr. America Veitch, the celebrated composer, and the very fat and exceedingly uninteresting wife of whom he is so unreasonably jealous,—besides a crowd of others of less mark. Some of them are not a little ridiculous, for there is no lack of the satirical element in the book; but the fun that is made of them is without malice, and there is never the slightest trace of a tendency to burlesque things which ought to be revered, or to laugh at what deserves

our respect. On the contrary, there are manifest throughout the story so kindly a sympathy with human nature, and so thorough a veneration for all that exalts and ennobles it, that we cannot lay down the book without experiencing a very pleasant feeling towards its author.

The book is rich in illustrations from the facile pencil of Mr. Du Maurier, so familiar to the countless readers of *Punch*. A good specimen of the artist's power in giving individuality to each of a number of figures is afforded by the plate representing the cruel crowd which assembled round the body of the dying workman, Andrew Barton; and the portrait of Magdalene, which forms the frontispiece to the first volume, bears strong testimony to his faculty for representing female beauty and grace. It is a charming drawing, the hands alone excepted. In some of the other sketches, unfortunately, she shows to less advantage, especially in that entitled "The Home Blow," which is calculated to diminish, to some extent, the romantic interest to which she is so justly entitled.

#### SOME MORE POETS.\*

PERHAPS the most obvious characteristic of modern verse-writers is their singular acquaintance with poetic forms. We do not mean merely the trick of accentuation and the choice phraseology which a close imitation of Mr. Tennyson's manner has suggested; but the use of poetic symbols which, at first sight, look as if they really covered some genuine poetic emotion or thought. In this respect, it is hard to say which of the two volumes we have placed at the head of this list is the more remarkable. The "Lays of a Heart" are really sweetly written; they have here and there a suggestive tenderness which might make one credit the writer with true insight; and they occasionally betray a little passion and vigour. But the tone of the book is radically false. It breathes of nothing but incoherent sadness—sadness without a *raison d'être*, unless it be bad digestion, and even then the sadness would have more reality in it. It is a mistake to consider that a prolonged wail, without adduced cause, can ever be mistaken for poetry. As a mere artistic blunder, it carries its condemnation written on its face.

The opening poem of our second volume consists of a number of Arthurian legends, told in excellent blank verse, and occasionally brightening up into a grateful dramatic intensity. Unfortunately, one cannot refrain from regarding the Tennysonian origin of the effort; and this consciousness goes a long way to deaden the effect of what would otherwise have been a pretty piece of writing. Why must authors who can turn out blank verse like this of Mr. Westwood, choose subjects which not only provoke invidious comparisons, but also throw an air of suspicion over other pieces which are not ostensibly imitated? It is true that poets before Tennyson have gone to the Arthurian romances for material; but in Mr. Tennyson's peculiar treatment of these subjects lies the reason why no one thinks of accusing him of imitation, conscious or unconscious. We will let Mr. Westwood speak for himself:—

"Up sprang Sir Lancelot, his face ablaze,  
Compassed with glory: at his feet he saw  
A white-limbed maiden, fair, as lily grown  
In a God's garden. On her shoulders bare,  
And ivory breast half veiled, the sunshine fell  
Gracious and golden—laughed in her blue eyes,  
And dallied in the dimples of her cheek.  
With subtle smile she drew Sir Lancelot down  
Beside her knee, and whispered in his ear—  
Pointed with level finger to the land,  
And thrilled him with the passion of her glance.  
And through the web of her delightsome hair,  
That shimmered o'er his forehead and his face,  
And through the murmurous music of her speech,  
He saw the lawny islets stud the sea,  
Like bowers of beauty, with their blossoming woods,  
And white-faced temples in the cedar shade;  
He saw the sheeny pastures netted o'er  
With silver brooks; and faint and far away,  
Translucent in the crystal morning air,  
Myriads of mountain peaks magnificent,  
Rose-tinted, pearl, opal, and amethyst,  
Lifted, like gemmed tiaras, up to heaven."

This is very pretty; but to heap together, line after line, such epithets as "murmurous music," "lawny islets," "bowers of beauty," "sheeny pastures," and so forth, is no true poetic

\* Lays of a Heart. By G. Wade Robinson. London: Houlston & Wright. Quest of the Sanegreall, &c. By T. Westwood. London: John Russell Smith. Drury-lane Lyrics. By J. B. Leno. Published by the Author. The Camp-Fire. By the Old Shekarry. Third edition. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. Leben und Kunst. Von M. M. Kalisch. Leipzig: Albert Fritsch.

effort, but a more or less creditable piece of verse-making. The best thing in Mr. Westwood's book is the weird little piece called "My Castle by the Sea."

If these verses of Mr. Leno are in any sense a reflection of the author's mind, he must have enjoyed their composition and been recompensed for the labour in the mere gratification of writing. To have sought the further gratification of putting the pieces in print was an error of judgment. Mr. Leno's verses express the cheerful, hopeful spirit of one who is contented with his lot in life and capable of forming generous opinions of most of his surroundings; they show a pleasant liking for nature, which it is grateful to find in Drury-lane; and they convince us that the author is a man of warm sympathies and kindly thoughts. The "Drury-lane Lyrics" are not poetry, for all that; nor do they exhibit the least originality in subject or treatment. They are verses such as thousands which are written every year but never printed; their authors, in the interval, acquiring some truer notion of the value of their labour.

And yet how can we be astonished at any misconception of the risk of publishing inferior verses, when we observe that the next volume on our list has reached a third edition?—a volume which contains the absurd efforts in verse we have seen for months. Is not the Old Shekarry content with his other laurels, that he must likewise be a poet? He pleads for himself in this quotation—

"Consider this: he hath been bred i' the wars,  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd  
In bouthed language."

But would Menenius have said one word in defence of Coriolanus, to whom the Old Shekarry modestly likens himself, had the warrior published a green-and-gold volume of such weak rhymes as we have here? We append a specimen of the Old Shekarry's manner; merely asking if British soldiers, on going into battle, cry "hurrar!"

"Once they formed, but all in vain;  
Their ranks, encumbered by the slain,  
Advanced but slowly, for their tread  
Was much impeded by the dead.

A bugle sounding in our rear  
Told us support was drawing near;  
Then loudly rang our wild hurrah,  
Which Tchernaya's hills re-echoed far,  
Swords flashed, and glistening bayonets shone,  
And to the charge the line moved on."

The author of "Leben und Kunst" observes in his Preface that "dichterische Erzeugnisse müssen ihre Rechtfertigung in sich selber tragen," and then, forgetting his own axiom, proceeds to show why and how his poems came to be written, their intention, and his hopes concerning them. Of Dr. Kalisch we can only say what we said of two of the foregoing writers—he has a great acquaintance with orthodox poetic forms, much skill in writing evenly and melodiously, and a good idea of what poetry ought to be. There is, however, a self-consciousness about these poems which rather detracts from their value. They are too obviously metaphysical, and deal with the poetical aspects of the Beautiful, the True, and the Good, the verses being literally smothered in flower-wreaths, moonbeams, sun-glances, Clarissas, Lucindas, elves, fairies, and gods and goddesses innumerable. The author has appended a series of addresses to all the poets who have ever lived; and some of these show much shrewdness of appreciation and impartiality of judgment. He says of Goethe:—

"Aber Du schätztest in Wahrheit den menschlichen Adel zu niedrig:  
Borget doch leicht von sich selbst Jeder das Maas für die Welt."

The book is dedicated to the Baroness Rothschild, "the unwearyed promoter of intellectual effort, and the high-hearted saviour of the distressed."

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

THE very title-page of "Proved in the Fire" gives us a rather safe clue to the contents of the three volumes. We know that we shall have to follow the course of suffering true love to its ultimate triumph, and when we remember that love, true or false, has from all time been a cause of sorrow and joy

\* Proved in the Fire. A Story of the Burning of Hamburg. By William Duthie, Author of "Counting the Cost," &c. Three vols. London: Charles W. Wood.

The Modern Pedagogue; a Rural Reminiscence. By J. Rhys. Two vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

Only to be Married. A Novel. By Mrs. Florence Williamson, Author of "Frederick Rivers." Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Young Earl. Two vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

to humanity, we shall not be inclined to look for anything very new in Mr. Duthie's novel. Although, however, the plot lays no claim to novelty, it is pleasantly told and well calculated to secure the interested attention of the reader. And the book has, to our mind, an additional and very agreeable feature in the pictures it presents of German home life in its more humble forms. Throughout the story we never get out of Germany. Almost at the commencement we are landed in Leipzig, and although two of the characters journey to Hamburg, and are about to embark for England, they think better of it, and marry and settle down in their own country. All the characters are German, with the exception of three Englishmen—Wilson, Jackson, and Walker—who give very little aid in the working out of the plot, and are apparently introduced as representatives of the Briton abroad, according to Continental notions of the creature. As we have already mentioned, the plot contains little that has not again and again found its place in the pages of a novel. Christian Greenwald, a young carpenter, falls in love with Amalie, the adopted daughter of his master, Herr Urlacher. On one occasion, when Christian and Amalie are billing and cooing, and find themselves very happy in each other's society, they are discovered by Herr Urlacher, who looks upon the state of affairs with so little satisfaction, that a very unpleasant quarrel ensues. He calls Christian a hound, strikes him on the cheek, and receives in return a blow of a stick upon the forehead which lays him senseless. Christian's term of apprenticeship soon expires, and he leaves the employment of Urlacher, and soon finds himself in that of good old Franz Rudiger, who in time comes to entertain so strong a liking for him that he proposes to adopt him as his son. The offer Christian declines, as he has arranged to start upon his travels with his young fellow-workman, Jacob. Before they set out, Jacob is anxious to get betrothed to Winnie, a pretty little girl in the Beaumeister Rudiger's household, and his own entreaties failing to move Winnie, he asks Christian to intercede for him. This arrangement is nearly being attended by the usual danger, for Winnie allows the intercessor to see that she looks upon him with that affection which she has denied to Jacob. Christian's friendship, and his love for Amalie, however, conquer, and both the youths set out for Hamburg, and, on arriving there, Christian finds that Amalie is betrothed to a wealthy goldsmith. The young man has arranged to embark for London, when the fire at Hamburg gives a new turn to affairs. Christian, who has been assisting the firemen, learns that Amalie's father's house has caught fire, and that the old man, who had remained to secure a casket containing his daughter's dowry, is within. Christian rushes through the flames, and in one of the rooms discovers Herr Urlacher struggling for the possession of the casket with a scoundrel named Botzen, whom Christian had met with when on the road as a tramping brewer. Christian is just in time to save his old master's life, and carries him safely through the flames; but it is discovered that, after all, Botzen has possessed himself of the casket, and escaped. Amalie, now reduced to poverty, is rejected by the goldsmith, and marries Christian; Winnie, having but Jacob left, gives him her hand. The casket is recovered through the assistance of Wilson, the Englishman. Herr Urlacher gets wealthy again, and everybody who deserves happiness receives it.

After reading the first few pages of "The Modern Pedagogue," we became interested, not in the plot of the novel or the characters presented to us, but in the author. We felt anxious to learn the injury which Mr. Rhys had suffered at the hands of the public, and which led him, in a bitter desire for retaliation, to inflict upon them all the nonsense that is contained in these two volumes. We find, however, that Mr. Rhys is actuated by no vindictive feelings, but merely desires to perpetuate certain rural customs which, in his opinion, the railways are destroying. The author enters into no very minute description of the rural customs which have laid such a very firm hold upon his affections, but he does give innumerable and painfully uninteresting details of the career of a schoolboy, his feats in boxing, a hazardous exploit on the back of a donkey, the inconveniences which attend a change of residence, and the distress manifested by a tom-cat in its new home. There is no accounting for tastes—all this may have a great charm for Mr. Rhys; but that it will afford the faintest amusement to anybody else, seems to us at least problematical.

To most people the connection between the Court of Chancery and romance, love, and murder, may appear tolerably remote, but the novel-reader who finds himself in Chancery in the first few chapters of a book can tell to a certainty almost everything that follows. He has a conviction that the author will soon lead him to a mansion deserted and tumbling into decay,

or, in other words, "in Chancery," and he counts upon the appearance of injured and imprisoned wards, dishonest lawyers, two or three runaway marriages, and at least one murder. Nearly all this is to be found in the pages of "Only to be Married." We have the ancient mansion, deserted for a time, and then occupied by a young man who passes a useless existence, for the simple reason that his mother, a ward in Chancery, married a gentleman from whom she was separated by a cruel lawyer on her wedding day or the day following that interesting event. The ward dies, and her son, Edwin Forrester, upon whose legitimacy the wardship of his mother in some perfectly inexplicable way threw doubts, devotes his younger days to wanderings in search of his father, in which he succeeds in enjoying himself very much, but fails to discover his parent. Edwin makes the acquaintance of Patty Wilson, a sentimental young lady who has heard his history from one of those tedious old women who so frequently intrude themselves into novels, and having married Patty, his career takes a more active form. He becomes extravagant, gets into debt, commits murder, and finishes off with suicide. Patty, after the conventional illness which invariably attends upon misfortunes of this description, marries, and as the wife of a surgeon secures all that happiness which her virtues deserved. "Only to be Married" is, as our readers will have gathered, a not uninteresting story, and the style of the writer is remarkably easy and agreeable. There are introduced, however, domestic details which could with advantage have been omitted, especially the illustrations of the habits of monthly nurses and their patients.

"The Young Earl" seems to be the production of a very young writer, and for that reason we are perhaps justified in looking upon the book with a degree of indulgence, which it certainly cannot claim from anything meritorious in either plot or style. The plot is just such a one as would be conceived by a very young person, and appreciated by still younger persons. We have an old earl dying, and with his last hours disturbed by the fear that no heir will be found to succeed to his title and estates. Then we find the earl's lawyer searching for the heir, whom he ultimately discovers in Reginald Craven, a youth of about fifteen, who lives with his twin brother, Albert, his mother, and his cousin, Minna, in all that virtuous simplicity which, according to many novelists, is only to be found in remote rural districts. As Mrs. Craven is unable to say which of her two sons, Reginald or Albert, was the first born, the lawyer is for a time at fault; but, with a liberality not often seen in persons of his calling, he allows the difficulty to be determined by the inclination of Mrs. Craven, and Reginald assumes the title of the Earl Fitzwallace, and enters upon the possession of the estates. This arrangement affords no satisfaction to anybody. Mrs. Craven is unwilling to part with her son; Minna feels that she will lose her lover; Albert would like to be the Earl, and Reginald would like to be Albert. The conventional gipsy appears, with the equally conventional mole, and, after assuming the form of the time-honoured nurse, sets everything to rights. Reginald lays aside his nobility, and marries Minna; and Albert converts a very delightful young lady into the Countess Fitzwallace. We commend the moral conveyed in the novel to such members of the nobility as find it incumbent upon them to relinquish their titles and estates in favour of elder brothers with moles, but how any other section of the community can profit by "The Young Earl" we are at a loss to determine.

#### WHOLESOOME FARE.\*

MEDICINE and cookery in kindly association is rather a novelty in its way. The sufferings of Sancho Panza during his short and tantalizing government of the island bestowed upon him by his valiant master, is a valuable example of the strong feeling of antagonism there can exist between pills and pastry; and the personal recollections of most people will carry them back to festive occasions in their youth, when the sweets of the evening brought bitter draughts and unpleasant powders in the morning. In the book before us, however, peace is established between the doctor and the good things of the table, and upon a basis that certainly looks thoroughly satisfactory. Side by side with bills of fare and descriptions of made dishes, sauces, and soups, the mere mention of which is alone sufficient to make the mouth of an ordinary mortal water, or to

\* Wholesome Fare; or, the Doctor and the Cook. A Manual of the Laws of Food and the Practice of Cookery, embodying the Best Receipts in British and Continental Cookery, with Hints and Receipts for the Sedentary, the Sick, and the Convalescent. By Edmund S. and Ellen J. Delamere. London: Lockwood & Co.

convert the strictest vegetarian into an ordinary mortal, are some thoughtful and well-written chapters, in which food in its relation to health is fully considered, and the chemical and other effects of cooking upon food carefully explained. As even the most devoted diner, however, requires variety in his literature, as well as in his dishes, there are interspersed throughout this volume some rather pleasant sketches, which the viands under discussion serve to introduce, and which give "Wholesome Fare" an interest for persons who have dined as well as for those who are hungry. Truffled turkey introduces us to an account of the relations which exist between truffles and pigs; how piggy was the first to discern the truffle for his own private eating,—man taking the truffle away, and eating it himself, and man's dog in time pushing piggy aside, and assisting his master in the truffle hunt. Truffled goose-liver *pâté* we find associated with the story of the German pastry-cook who succeeded in building up an enormous *pâté*, but found on its completion that it was too large to enter the oven, and had to go unbaked. Salads are inseparably associated with the name of the French refugee D'Albignac, who, by letting himself out at a guinea the dinner party to mix salads, realized a nice little fortune. It has for all time been an impossibility to mention fish, however caught or dressed, without drifting into an anecdote descriptive of the voracity of pike. Mr. Delamere tells a reasonably interesting pike story, in which the subject of his narrative is caught in the act of swallowing another pike larger than himself, and gets cooked in the society of his antagonist and victim. It is but fair, however, to presume that the act was one done purely in self-defence, and that the eater's conduct was in some measure to be excused by a natural desire to save himself from being eaten. Of these sketches we select the following as a very good description of launce or sand-eel fishing:—

"Look at that bright-eyed lass, with her golden drop earrings and her neat fitting cap, her legs encased in dark woollen stockings, and her feet sensibly shod with wooden shoes. Her petticoats are prudently short; a small canvas bag is slung over her apron. Her hands grasp a garden tool, which in English vernacular is styled a hoe. With this firmly pressed on the level sand, she walks steadily backwards, ploughing the surface. As the wind and tide happen to be to-day, her labour will not turn out so unproductive as you might imagine; and the crop will be gathered more rapidly than if it were forced by the best advertised manures on the list of patents. I will tell you in confidence that that robust, good-looking girl is searching in this barren soil for the daintiest dish which appears on breakfast-tables hereabouts."

"We approach; the plough moves steadily on. After a yard's length or more of furrow, her red right hand darts at her writhing prey. She has caught it! It is a delicate, silvery fish. On with the plough! More quick-writhing victims are upturned; the canvas bag bears a respectable burden. You wish to help her, do you, and to save her the trouble of picking up her game? Be quick, then, in your motions, or you'll be sure to catch a blank. There! the fish is gone; you have lost it. Where is it? Deep in the sand by this time. No mole can burrow so rapidly and effectually. And there is another; you have contrived to secure that before it has interred itself. And no wonder either! Its head—see!—has been amputated by the hoe. These creatures have the curious habit of lying hid in the sand with their heads uppermost and their tails downward. Like Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey, they prefer to be buried in a perpendicular position. Hence the number which are decapitated in the process of catching them, without, however, thereby losing their liveliness. Hold, maiden, enough! The bag is half full. There are already more than we can eat at a meal. You will continue, nevertheless, to plough for sand-eels or launces; they will be welcome as bait to the fishermen."

Towards the conclusion of the volume we find some capital "wrinkles," and a chapter full of shrewd, well-considered advice, addressed to sedentary, professional, and literary persons. Concerning the book as a whole, we must say that if the cook presents us with dainty dishes, the doctor is quite as ready with his cautious warnings, and that both go together admirably.

#### MEMORIALS OF THE REV. ANDREW CHRICKTON.\*

THIS volume is worthy of more consideration than is usually accorded to works of a similar nature. Books of this kind, moreover, have a value apart from their didactic excellence. They instruct us in the inner and spiritual life of clever and holy men; and however unfamiliar may be the name of the subject of the memoir, the disclosure of the mysteries of an ingenious and pure mind is always useful as something added to the statistics of human nature. Mr. Chrichton obviously belonged to an order of men, of whom unfortunately very few indeed adopt the Church as a profession. The collection of sermons and miscellaneous writings comprised in the volume

\* Memorials of the late Rev. Andrew Chrichton, B.A. Edited by W. S. Blaikie, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co.

before us displays a subtlety of thought and quickness of penetration and application that would infallibly have achieved for their author, had he been permitted a longer life, a reputation hardly inferior to that of the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton. The essay, indeed, upon this eminent and pious divine is a masterpiece of prose, and we concluded it with a feeling of regret that it was not many times longer.

"The peculiar mental unrest of the present time has brought it about that of all histories which can be written and read, the most interesting to many classes of the community is a mental history. In the midst of its thousandfold material activities, the thoughtful mind of the age—it might almost be said its thoughtless mind as well—is feverishly alive to all the problems of inward life. The work done, the battle fought, the suffering endured, in the visible domain of human hearts, have been found often to possess a great and tragic interest. There will be differences of mental histories, of course, as there are differences of mind. . . . There are higher and meaner among the souls whom God has made; and, within as well as without, the one will have found to have lived the higher, more eventful, more significant, and the other the meaner, more eventless, more insignificant life. In the case of the latter the question of personal salvation will generally be found the only one which they have been much concerned to settle; in the case of the former, the foundations of the stable earth have been shaken, and solemn problems have risen up spectre-like, and moved across their field of vision—problems of love and law and life—of Humanity and God."

The sermons are all conveyed in language equally impressive and lucid. It is something in an age of such growing spiritual vexation as our own, an age in which is being fought a fierce conflict between reason and faith—between judgment and prejudice, to find a mind fully alive to the great problems that fill the air with an anti-spiritual echo, calmly beautiful in a strong sense of faith, with nothing of bigotry in its own assuring knowledge of God in life, with nothing of scorn in its compassion for the loveless heart, with nothing of selfishness in the living delight of its own sense of peace. The works of this obscure preacher are instinct with the presence of such a mind. If our language seems hyperbolical to our readers, we refer them to the sermon preached upon the text, "And when he had said this, he fell asleep." The brooding, mighty presence of death has been seldom before rendered more luminous, more inviting, more beautiful.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

Woodin's *Whimsies*. (Bemrose & Son.)

To judge from the epistle dedicatory of this small volume of rhymes, Mr. Woodin seems to have a great regard for the public. Yet with this conscientious regard in his mind, what could have induced him to publish his "Whimsies"? If he thinks they are likely to prove successful, it is very obvious that his regard for the public is a sham, and that his real sentiments are contempt. If he does not appeal to the public, but prints his "whimsies" merely for the gratification of a select circle of friends, then why does he dedicate them to the public? But to drop conjectures, it is certainly as plain as possible that however great Mr. Woodin's powers may be in the dignified calling he has relentlessly pursued, his powers as a poet are very contemptible indeed. His fun is very solemn, and his pathos very gin-and-waterish. Of the former, one specimen is as good as another; so we will quote the following:—

"My rule for a contented life  
Is excellent, ne'er doubt it,  
It's when you can't get what you want,  
Why, try and do without it.  
  
By grumbling you gain little good,  
So leave off making fusses (*sic*);  
If broughams you cannot afford,  
Put up with humble 'busses."

Why does Mr. Woodin use so many italics? Does he wish to make the reader believe that there is more fun in his rhymes than there is? or does he act upon the hint of Artemus Ward, who wrote "goak" after every piece of fun, that the editor of the paper to whom he contributed his wit might see the point at once?

*Whimsical Throes in Rhyme, Rhythm, and Prose.* By C. Charles.

As the justification of the most unqualified contempt is often as pleasing as the contempt itself, we subjoin a specimen of the "whimsical throes" of Mr. C. Charles. It commences the "Epistle Dedicatory," and is addressed to the "Honourable John Bull." "Symbolic Sir, permit me most obsequiously to take thee by the horns, and to lay the few following effusions at thy feet—not to say hoofs. May those horns never be crumpled. May those hoofs—not to say feet—never be shackled. Mayest thou, in short, never be cowed, except, peradventure, by Mrs. B." There are eighty-seven pages of more intolerable fun even than this. Were any man to perpetrate one of the jokes

contained in this volume in society, the aid of a policeman to restrain him would be the most justifiable remedy the company could resort to.

*Translations from the Lyrics of Horace.* By E. H. Brodie, M.A. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

Of the translation of Horace, as of the making of books, there is no end. We must do Mr. Brodie the justice to confess, however, that he recognises this deterring truth in a modest and straightforward preface. The stock test of critics in judging of the Horatian translation is the "Ode to Pyrrha." Mr. Brodie will have no need to think us unfair if we quote two stanzas of his version as a sample of his ability:—

"What graceful youth, in thickest roses' bower,  
Wet with his scents woos now free Pyrrha's hour  
In pleasant cave's retreat?  
For whom so simply neat

Braid'st auburn hair? alas! how oft shall he  
Mourn altered vows and altered gods, and see  
With blank amazement strange  
Rough winds the dark seas change."

*Melodies of the Heart.* By E. S. Hill. (Bemrose & Son.)

In the preface to this volume the author deprecates criticism by telling us that he belongs to a condition which is but a step above that of a working man. Such being the case, it is but fair to confess that these poems are very meritorious compositions. They are of the simplest possible kind and sing of the simplest possible themes. A little more attention to the harmony of his verse, a little more application of thought, and industry in imitating the best masters of poetry, may cause Mr. Hill to produce some day or other a volume that will really meet with the end for which he publishes—success.

*The Solitary, and Other Poems.* By Richard Yates Sturges. (Edinburgh: James Nichol.)

We see no reason at all to doubt the assertion made in the preface that the author of these poems is a very young man. One unmistakable sign of youth is the Byronic element that interpenetrates not only his poetry but the short piece of prose he has thought fit to print at the commencement of the volume. On the whole these poems are not contemptible. They belong to that order of mediocrities which pleases by smooth numbers and obvious thoughts. They claim no further commendation.

*Free-Hand Drawing.* By an Art-Student. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

We have not very much faith in principles designed to guide the mind in such an art as drawing. At all events it may be pretty safely asserted that drawing was never learnt from a book. This little volume, however, will be found more useful than the generality of books purporting to treat of the same subject. It contains some very excellent plates, and during the course of its remarks it offers a good deal of sound advice to youngsters ambitious in the employment of the pencil. In the hands of a boy it can certainly do no harm, and may possibly be productive of some good. Its cheapness entitles it to notice.

*The Metals Used in Construction.* By F. H. Joynson. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

This is a useful little compilation, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its title. As a handy book of useful knowledge, however, it is not likely to prove very popular. The hard terms and technical expressions imply an acquaintance on the part of the reader with the subject under treatment which he is not likely to possess; certainly not if he turns to this book with the intention of gaining some information from it. Higher authorities than Mr. Joynson will be referred to by advanced readers; whilst the tyro will not always be able to understand what Mr. Joynson means. We recommend the author to simplify his language if his aim be popular education.

We have also received *The Insurance Agent*, Vol. II., for 1867 (Murby);—*The Christian Year-Book* (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—*Our Eternal Destiny*, by the Rev. Charles Rogers (Houlston & Wright);—*Before and Behind the Curtain* (Tweedie);—*Tweedie's Temperance Year-Book* (Tweedie);—*Robinson Crusoe, the Unchangeable Dame, and Dutch Tiles* (Dean & Co.);—*Scripture Manual, Church Catechism, Chronological History of England, and The Address Copy-Book* (Murby);—*English Visible Speech for the Million*, by Alex. M. Bell (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.);—*The Publishers' Circular* (S. Low & Co.);—*The Railway, Mining, Insurance, and Commercial Almanack for 1868*, edited by W. Page Smith (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.);—*The London Diocese Book for 1868* (Rivingtons);—*Mission Life* (Rivingtons);—*The Englishwoman's Review* (Kent & Co.);—*Golden Hours*, edited by W. Meynell Whittemore, D.D. (Macintosh);—*Lippincott's Magazine*

(Philadelphia: Lippincott);—*The Shorthand Magazine* (Pitman);—*Sessional Papers of the Royal Institute of British Architects* (Conduit-street);—*President's Address* (Institution of Civil Engineers);—*Annual Supplement to the Tithe Commutation Tables*, by Charles McCabe (Rivingtons);—*Commercial Panics*, by Cyrus W. Croft (Waterlow & Son).

WE correct with pleasure the statement which appeared in this journal last week to the effect that a typographical accident had happened to her Majesty's Journal on the eve of its appearance. Its progress through the press was as prosperous as its distribution throughout the country was rapid. The first edition, it is said, consisted of 150,000 copies, nearly all of which were sold some few days ago, realizing a net profit of £10,000. In America the people are as eager to obtain the Journal as her Majesty's own subjects. The Harpers, New York, have announced an immediate publication from early sheets of the work. "The Early Years of the Prince Consort" was published by this firm, who are said to have been as much surprised at the demand for it as were the English publishers. Philadelphia is doing Mr. Dickens and itself as much honour as did Boston and New York. The sale of tickets for his readings commenced on a Monday, and people began to take their places in line as early as eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Mr. Panizzi, whose life was some days ago in danger from suppressed gout, is, we are glad to hear, better, and likely to recover. We are to have amongst the publications of next month, "A Letter to the Right. Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., on the State of Ireland," from the pen of Earl Russell. Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have in progress a translation of the "History of Councils," by Hefele, translated by the Rev. William R. Clark, M.A., Vicar of Taunton. Messrs. Wyman & Sons promise a new work of a useful character, to be entitled "The Architect's, Engineer's, and Building Trades' Directory for 1868: a business book of reference for the various industries connected with the arts of construction throughout 800 cities, towns, and principal places in England, Scotland, and Wales." The Abyssinian expedition has taken with it Mr. Holmes, of the MS. Department of the British Museum, who is to act as archaeologist. Mr. Holmes is eminent as a draughtsman and designer of illuminations. We regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Kean on Wednesday. For some days his recovery has been hopeless. He leaves behind him the character of an able actor, an excellent manager, and a worthy man.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Atherstone (E.), the Fall of Nineveh: a Poem. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.  
Balfour (J. H.), Outlines of Botany. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
Besant (W. H.), Treatise on Hydromechanics. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Boase (C. W.), Century of Banking in Dundee. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Brown (J. B.) on Ovarian Dropsey. 2nd edit. 8vo., 5s.  
—— (J.), Classified Spelling. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
Cassell's Han' Book of Chemistry. 12mo., 1s.  
Coulson (Dr. W. J.) on Stone in the Bladder. 8vo., 6s.  
Dixon (W. H.), Spiritual Wives. 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.  
Duncan (J. M.), Researches in Obstetrics. 8vo., 18s.  
Drummond (Rev. S. R.), Elements of the Christian Religion. 2nd edit. Fcap. 2s. 6d.  
Edwards (F.) on the Ventilation of Dwelling Houses. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Ellis (W.), English Exercises, adapted to "The Public Schools Latin Primer." By Rev. J. T. White. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
Ellis (Mrs. H. L.), Northern Roses: a Yorkshire Story. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
Evans (Mrs. H. L.), Last Winter in Algeria. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Falconer (Hugh), Palaeontological Memoirs and Notes. 2 vols. 8vo., £2. 2s.  
French (A.) Country Family. By the Author of "John Halifax." Fcap., 5s.  
Glen (W. C.), The Acts Regulating the Duties of Justice of the Peace. 3rd edit. 12mo., 8s.  
Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. 1st Series. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
Grote (G.), Review of Mill's Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Guthrie (Rev. T.), Early Piety. 32mo., 1s. 6d.  
Hamilton's Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. Imperial 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Hooke (Dean), Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Vols. VI. and VII. 8vo., 30s.  
Hudson (W.), Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry. 4to., 4s.  
Intellectual Observer. Vol. XII. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Iabister (A. K.), Elements of English Grammar and Composition. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
Johnson (Dr.), Lives of the English Poets. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
Knight (C.), Studies of Shakspere. 8vo., 6s.  
Lord Falconberg's Heir: a Novel. By C. Clarke. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
Major (R. H.), Life of Prince Henry of Portugal. 8vo., 25s.  
Nimmo's Series of Commonplace Books. 6 vols. Imp. 16mo., each.  
Our Curate's Budget. Edited by Rev. W. Mitchell. Vol. for 1867. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
Papers for the Schoolmaster. New Series. Vol. III. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
Palmer (Sir R.), Hymnal: chiefly from "The Book of Praise." 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
—— ditto. With Music by J. Hullah. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.  
Pott (A.), Village Sermons. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Freudergast (T.), The Mastery Series: French and German. 12mo., 1s. 6d. each.  
Handbook to ditto. 12mo., 1s. 6d.  
Railway, Banking, Mining, &c., Almanack, 1868. 8vo., 1s. 6d.  
Recreations (The) of a Country Parson. 1st Series. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
Raleigh (Sir W.), Life of. By J. A. St. John. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 18s.  
Rossiter (W.), First Book of Algebra. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
Key to ditto. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
School Days at Saxonhurst. 2nd edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works. Roxburgh edit. Vol. II. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Shaw (S. P.), Odontologian: its Causes, Prevention, and Cure. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
Shakespeare Illustrated by Old Authors. Edited by W. L. Rushton. 12mo., 6s.  
Skeats (H. S.), History of the Free Churches of England. 8vo., 1s.  
Smith (Rev. H.), The Book of Moses. Vol. I. 8vo., 15s.  
Thompson (D'Arcy W.), Wayside Thoughts. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
—— (Sir H.), Diseases of the Prostate. 3rd edit. 8vo., 10s.  
Westwood (J. O.), Facsimiles of Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts. Folio, £21.  
Which is the Winner? By C. Clarke. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
Wilkins (H. M.), Easy Latin Prose Exercises. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
Wilson (W.), Family Prayers for Five Weeks. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.